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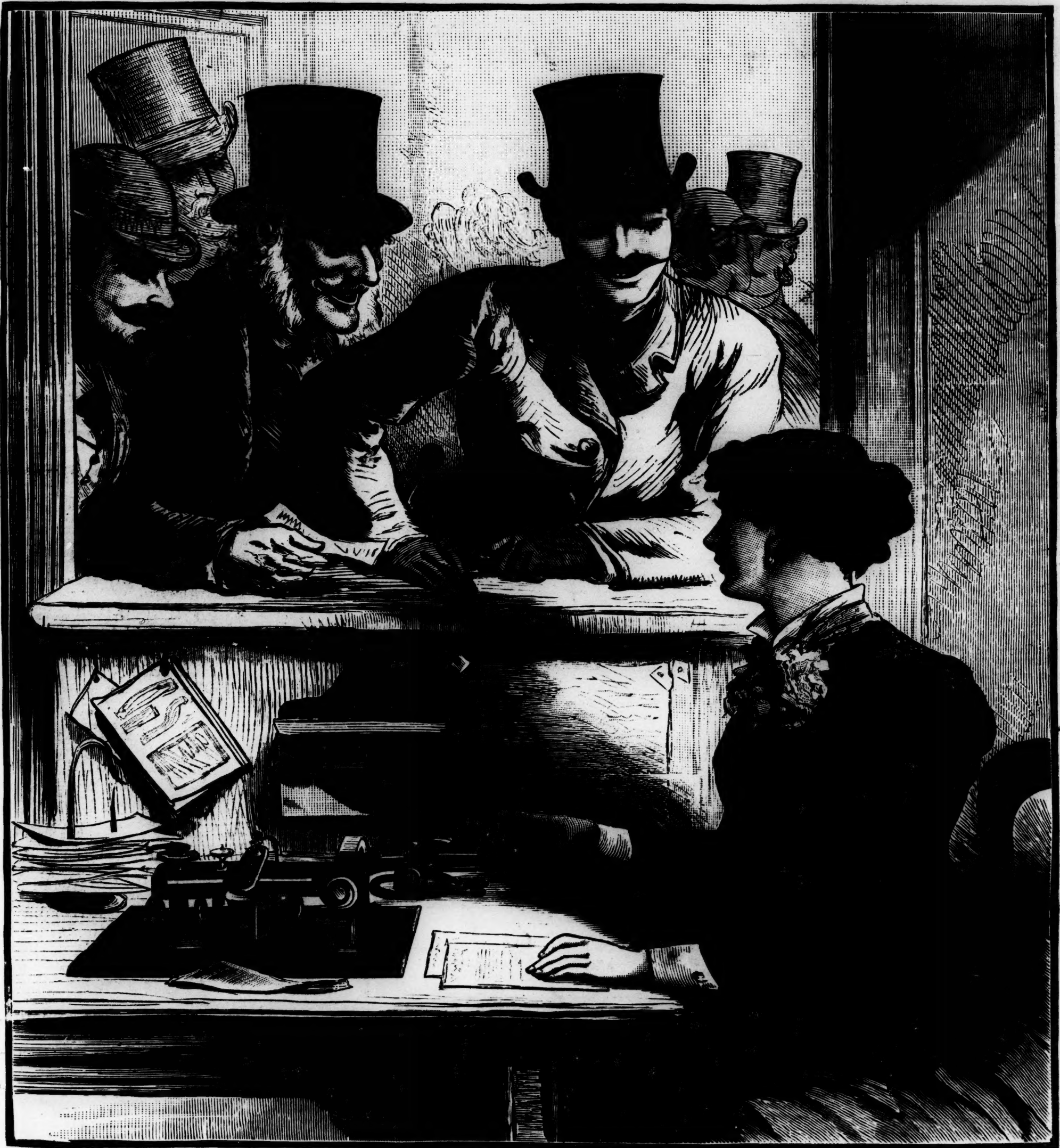
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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QUEEN OF THE LIGHTNING.

HOW THE MOST POPULAR OPERATOR IN NEW YORK DIFFUSES A MAGNETIC INFLUENCE BEHIND THE COUNTER OF A HOTEL TELEGRAPH OFFICE AND RAKES IN THE SHEKELS FOR HERSELF AS WELL AS THE MONOPOLY SHE SERVES.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
183 William St., New York.

FAR fetched—the wit and beauty imported by Abbey.

No, it isn't because our columns are "too broad" that the hypocrites don't like us; it is because their minds are too narrow.

GET on to the defeated local politician. How loud he used to crow. How small he sings now. How big he once was. How "short" he is now.

THERE'S no use in painting the lily white—therefore we paint the Jersey Lily black. Is that satisfactory to the inquiring critics of the POLICE GAZETTE'S fearless policy?

PATTI is here with her Nicolini again, but the scandal of her amorous relations is only a little one for a cent beside the great big high-flavored immorality of the Langtry off-color state of affairs.

OUR sporting columns mark, as usual, with thermometrical delicacy, the temperature of the fighting spirit. It is getting up to blood heat pretty rapidly now since Tom Allen has come on the scene to warm somebody, he doesn't care who.

Now Philadelphia comes to the front in rivalry with Boston, and parades a docket of forty-seven divorce cases to make the lawyers fat and merry this winter. Whew! But isn't sedate old Hymen getting the back heel all around?

THE sports are all agog over the new developments of the prize ring wranglers. There will be something come of all this talk and interchange of challenges, you may depend, for the POLICE GAZETTE has its hand in and it means business every time. That is its reputation and the public can depend on it.

OLD Peter Cooper, that roystering blade, still raises his voice in national politics and New York local affairs. That old chap is the very best "ad" for his glue. He doesn't glide off into the heavenly ether like all the comrades of his youth. He's here and he sticks as if he meant to stay and tire out old Time himself.

THE coaching club snobs seem to have taken a back seat. It isn't considered now as big a thing to be an amateur stage driver as it used to be a year or two ago. Have our representatives of aristocracy soured on English manners since their last trip over the sea and their last snubbing by the tony bloods of London?

WIVES are on the rampage all over the country, throwing pepper in their rival's eyes, shooting their husbands with revolvers or plying the merry cowhide on the backs of their detractors. Really, the man who gets married nowadays needs to be virtuously mailed in proof and even then it is no dead sure thing she won't catch him with his armor off.

THE society belles of Denver have had the old fashion revived, by one of them, of eloping with a buck nigger. No wonder there is such a revulsion. Any woman of sense who should remark the great men (especially the jurists of the Jeffries kind) that they have in Denver, would decide on a thoroughbred moke in preference to the sickly off-color specimens of her own race. That's what's the matter—depend upon it.

THE ex-Rev. Mr. Miln, who recently made a successful debut as an actor, is going to fill in the summer vacation when other actors are loafing in idleness by preaching agnostic sermons in various churches over the country. He will probably mark out a regular evangelical route in the dramatic fashion. This is bringing the stage right up to the pulpit, isn't it?

ONE of Emma Abbot's prime donne made a sensation in a Cincinnati hotel a week or so ago by pretending she had taken poison. When the doctor came, though, she fired him out, and cured herself with the prescriptions of a young tenor, who appeared on the scene in the nick of time. You see it isn't every doctor that can make a diagnosis of a prima donna's case.

THE parson who hugged a girl in a woods near Chicago to "convert" her, and came near losing his church in consequence of these methods of evangelization, being asked by his judges if it was true that he read the POLICE GAZETTE, returned an indignant negative. That was what was the matter with him. If he had read it he would have known better than to have taken her to the woods. He would have been posted and would have done it as the other parsons do it.

THE son of Dr. Leach, of Toronto, has got himself into trouble with a pretty choir singer. She has given him away, and the worldly-minded among the congregation think he should either resign his position as superintendent of the Sunday-school and "step down and out," or marry the girl. He refuses to do either, and the old man forgetting his religion in the emergency backs him in his stubbornness, saying "boys will be boys"—especially if they are minister's sons.

THEY boast that Langtry has gone through "a baptism of fire." True; and got a scorching that has shrivelled her all up as a beauty or an actress. She made haste to telegraph to the Prince that she wasn't roasted, the poor tender little chicken. She was afraid some one would report that she had set New York in flames with her beauty and talent, and had fallen a victim to the fires of her own transcendent genius. The Prince need not be alarmed, though. The fire was only in the scenery—not in the actress.

SUPPOSE the Park Theatre fire had broken out three hours later than it did. Some of the nobles of New York would have been roasted. There would have been no way out of it. Wouldn't there have been a hullabaloo? Wouldn't there have been legislation for fire-proof theatres? Heretofore it has only been the poor man who has been broiled in tinder-box theatres. Wait till the rich man gets scorched. Then there'll be some action. It's almost a pity in view of this fact that the fire was so "previous." We could spare a millionaire monopolist or two from our New York collection. This may be Macchiavellian philosophy of ours, but it's a way we have. What we think we say.

THE parson's sons have come to the front in emulation of the parsons. One young fellow, the son of a Methodist minister in Oshawa, Ontario, comes pretty near scooping all the drapery from the shrubbery in matters of amorous eccentricity. In fact he is worthy of being called the champion fornicator. He applied himself to his task religiously as became one of his truly moral breeding. In proof of the effects of his early Christian surroundings he began his capers early. When he was thirteen he began with a girl playmate of his own age, and when he was found out, the old man covered his tracks and stood off the girl and her angry ma who talked matrimony. Really, this young fellow couldn't have done half as well if he had been brought up in a bagnio instead of in a family where he had to pray three times a day and pass all his spare moments on his marrow bones in church or out.

WHEN an American actor goes to England, he is snubbed at the theatres and compelled to pay for his admission. When the English "fakes" come here they are given the freedom of the city, are made deadheads everywhere, and receive more money in a week than they ever earned before by a year's work. This, too, while competent actors of our own are next to starving at home. We might endure this, though, with only a feeble murmur, were it not for the fact that the Britons have begun to "rub it in." Now, when a nobleman over there wants to "stake" and establish his mistress on a good financial basis, instead of putting up the money himself, he sends her over as an actress to make a fortune out of the Yankees. This sort of thing is growing altogether too common, and we think the time has come when there should be a grand simultaneous "kick" all around against this policy.

ONE of the most melancholy and shocking events that ever came under the pen of a news chronicler, is the Seguin horror which has been fully reported in our columns. Here was the most celebrated New York specialist in nervous disorders afflicted with a case in his own house, the patient being his own wife, and her disease suddenly coming to a climax and transforming the gentle and refined lady at one flash into a crazy murderess of her own innocent children and a frenzied suicide. Truly the misery of this situation is appalling.

THE original Ashland, Ky., horror is a hydra of multitudinous heads, it seems. No sooner is one lopped off than another projects itself. The original murder of two young girls by three villains has been fruitful of riots, lynchings and now at last the slaughter of half a dozen citizens and the maiming of nearly twenty others. If this is to go on the state of Kentucky will be pretty nearly depopulated before the second trial of the two murderers is finished and their hanging accomplished with the usual formalities of law.

THE POLICE GAZETTE has a new champion who comes forward in the very nick of time to fill a position hitherto unoccupied. He is a Professor Olney, of New York, and calls himself "The Man Axe," this sobriquet being appended to his learned title for qualities diametrically opposite to his mental attainments. The Professor breaks things by merely falling on them in a sitting posture, thus splintering thick planks, driving in the heads of casks and crushing barrels into firewood. We propose to make him our "champion sitter down," and we shall probably find him useful in sitting down on several hard cases who have heretofore resisted all other crushing influences.

AFTER searching the smoking ruins of the Park Theatre for three days, the workmen found the remains of the stage carpenter, poor Leo. Immediately the managers set up a howl for the public to patronize a special benefit for the widow and children. We don't object to this, but in addition shouldn't the Actor's Fund contribute weekly to the support of the dead man's family? Stage carpenters are especially designated as within the pale of the fund and there is no excuse to back out. The fellows who have got their grip on this boodle, though, will not give up, you bet. They are at their old trick at once—raising a howl for a benefit and throwing the public off as usual. It's the old cry: "Give! give!" The unworthy beggars!

A BLACK man named White and a white man named Black, threaten to mix the lawyers' logic in deciding a business quarrel. Two went into partnership to run a colored minstrel troupe in Texas of which the black White was "bones," and the white Black was "interlocutor." Although two such partners couldn't fall at the very start to have everything down in white and black, when the troupe was fired out of town the other day by a band of Texas cowboys, it was found that white Black had given his wife all the money of the show, and she had skipped north with it, leaving black White to walk back to New York. By the time the lawyers have wrestled with this case for an hour, we'll bet they'll have their logical terms so tangled that neither they nor the judge and jury can tell Black from White.

THE devil you say? The New York reporters made merry over the contribution of Richard K. Fox's check, for fifty dollars, to the Manhattan Temperance Association's cause, on Sunday, Oct. 29. They did a little romancing, too, it seems, for whereas they state that in displaying the check to the meeting, President J. R. Gibbs stated the POLICE GAZETTE gift was "a contribution direct from the devil," he makes haste to assure us that he was not correctly reported. We'll let Gibbs and the reporters settle it between them, assuring both parties however, that we are not going to feel offended by their hellish innuendoes. We, in fact, should feel highly complimented if the report were true. It isn't every fellow who can be a devil of a fellow, let alone being promoted to the dignity of old Satan himself. Offended? We? Not a bit of it. We're not going to deny the devil nor go back on him in any way. He's got too big a pull in New York and in the world generally. We know our friends and we're going to stick by him all through. We prefer the smell of sulphur to the noxious vapors that the saints of this earth raise all around us. The devil's good square red hot sulphur is healthy, and with it we'll continue to fumigate the parsons, and to clean out the hypocritical moralists and other dirty things. We accept the Satanic character with thanks. And won't we give all the frauds and sneaks and mock religionists a roasting, and inaugurate a devil of a time generally! You just bet we know how to play that part to the queen's taste.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

A POOR man is to be avoided—He lacks principal.

THE proudest day in a woman's life is her first son day.

It is a mean man who will go and paint a lamp-post just at night.

ALAS! that so many people regard religion simply as a fire escape.

EVE was the lady who set the fashion of gathering Autumn leaves.

CATS are musical because their insides are composed mostly of fiddle strings.

THE family Bible will soon be opened again as a receptacle for Autumn leaves.

IF tramps only knew enough to go in gangs they would be called gipsies and be thought romantic.

"ALL things come to the man who waits," but a dime judiciously bestowed on a restaurant waiter will hurry things up a little.

MAMMA: "Oh, you naughty boy, to be drowning flies." FRED: "I'm not drowning 'em; I'm putting them into the water to cool 'em."

"Do you ever go to meeting?" asked a minister of a blue grass Kentuckian. "Certainly, sir, twice a year—spring meeting and fall meeting."

IF anybody longs to be a millionaire it is the youth who treats his girl to soda water and then finds he has mistaken a button in his pocket for a dime.

THOSE people who want to know why printers call the boy "the devil," can readily bring themselves to understand it by employing a boy for a few days.

A MAN named Dunlop requested Theodore H. to make a punning allusion to his name. "Well, just lop off the last syllable," responded the wit, "and it's Dun."

A BOY, describing how he had a tooth drawn said: "The doctor collared me and pulled like wild horses, and just before my head came off the tooth dropped out."

THE latest libel about the new comet is that it's one of the bald-headed kind, and is hurrying up toward the sun to get a good seat where it can have a good look at the transit of Venus.

A JERSEY CITY girl blushed and fainted the other day when she found that the name of the paper she had used for a busle was the *Chateau Observer*. Those Jersey City girls are too modest for anything.

AN impertinent fop made sport of an old farmer's large nose, mouth, and chin; but the old farmer silenced him by saying, "Your nose, mouth, and chin all had to be made small so that there'd be material left for your cheek."

EDUCATE the girls up to a high standard, says an educational paper. Of course, but if mothers would only drop a hint for the dear thing not to cut their ears with their husband's razors, how happily the bark of matrimony would sail.

AN Arkansas editor, in retiring from the editorial control of a newspaper, said: "It is with a feeling of sadness that we retire from the active control of this paper; but we leave our journal with a gentleman who is able than we are, financially, to handle it. The gentleman is well known in this community. He is the sheriff."

LADY visitor: "Dear me! this is very shocking to see you in this state, and after the promise you made me when I saw you last week." Habitual drunkard's wife (volubly): "That's where it is, miss; as I says to im, 'You ave got the 'ole blessed week to make a 'og of yourself in, and yet you leaves it till the very day as the young lady is a comin' to see you.' He's never prepared for the nothink; that's where it is, miss."

SCENE—Passenger depot. Characters—Atlanta negro and country dandy. Colloquy opened by the Atlanta negro: "Where you goin', buddy?" "Duz you own dis shed?" "No." "Ner none er duze kyars?" "No." "Ner none of duze yer railroads?" "No." "Ner no tavern?" "No." "Well, den, yer don't want no buddyin' me, an' yer don't want no infermashun. De kinder infermashun w'at you gitt out'n me'd be mighty ap' ferter sour on you."

"LOOKING for the comet, were you?" scornfully exclaimed Mrs. Marrowfat. Julia heard her mother's footsteps, but not in time to withdraw her cheek unobserved from young Mr. Mortimer Percle's vest. "Yes," responded Julia, not knowing exactly what she said. "And did you think you would find it in Mr. Percle's waistcoat pocket?" Julia was silent. At her time of life she could not be expected to answer such a question. It is often a great disadvantage to be young.

THE Visionary Robin.—A happy Robin was one day Chanting a Requiem over the Deceased Summer in the Forest. Having finished, it said: "And now I'll away to the Balmy Land where all the year the Magnolias are full of Humming-Birds, where—" In Response to the Bang of a Gun in a Small Boy's hand, the Robin concluded not to go South, and two days after it was sold for a Quail on a Railroad Lunch Counter for a dollar. Moral—Don't Sing too loud until you are out of the Woods.

"DID the bye get off?" Inquired Mrs. Mulligan of her husband, on his return from the police court, where their son Teddy had been prosecuted for an assault. "Did he get off?" replied Mr. Mulligan; "faith an' he did, an' the Judge he says, 'Twas a foline batin' yer gave the goosson of a Riley, an' it's meself that will be givin' yer £7 and the costs for doin' it.' Faith an' I think we'll soon be seein' him, for the officer took him out the back way, to show him the shortest way home I'm thinking." Teddy was absent several weeks, however.

OUTRAGE by a policeman: Sam Johnsing was up again yesterday. "What brings you here this time?" asked the Recorder. "De pliceman, sah; de same what brung me heah last time." "I mean what did you do?" "I was jess passin' a grocery store, when I struck my head agin a ham what was hanging by de dore. I tuck de ham down to put it somewhars whar it would be safe from folks bustin' their brains out agin it, when the fust I knowed a pliceman tried to get de ham away from me, and because I wouldn't let de ham go he jess brung me along, too."

STAGE WHISPERS.

Some of the Sly Advertising Tricks of the Prince's "Mash."

How the Jersey Lily's Raiment Disappeared from the Wash and Who Got the Sartorial Trophies.

AN indispensable principle for the alleged journalists who manage actresses. "Kiss, but never tell."

BRONSON HOWARD'S "Young Mrs. Winthrop," is a dire failure at the Madison Square where it is dragging its dreary course along, damned by every one who pays his money to see it.

WINDY CHARLEY (Wyndham) was given a taffy lunch at the Lotos Club on Oct. 23. It was a regular candy pull between him and the boot licker of the English aristocracy (very small) Bronson Howard.

JUDGING from the advertising use that is made of her late triumph in court, the new "journalist" who has been engaged to "manage the press" for a new "star" actress now twinkling feebly in New York, is a great improvement on the old.

OLD Shime's Mascot has had to take a back seat. The Eel has got the bulge and advertises his own dramatic charm in the very teeth of his slimy old father-in-law. "The Squire" is the only success of Shime's had a hand in since the early days of "Pin-afore."

LOUISE POMEROY, who has been starring for five years in the most God-forsaken regions of Australasia paralyzing the cannibals and bushmen with her Juliet, is working her way back with quite a boodle, so we may expect a season of Shakespearian terror next year.

LAURA DON, falling in her season with Oscar Wilde's piece, has skipped away to the south of France to recuperate. Laura was always bold and inclined to go too far, but she never went so far as this. Why must she put oceans between her and the great theatre?

WINDY CHARLEY didn't make much of a "go" with his farce, "Fourteen Days," at the Union Square. Better go back, Chawles, and take all your English duffers with you; there's no room for you in this country. Better people are starving or walking home at this moment.

THE Jews preponderate in Salvini's new company, and the effect is not pleasant. The noses project all around in such fish-hook curves that which *Othello* reaches its climax of passion the auditor naturally wonders that he does not seize the nasal handle to *Jago's* face instead of dodging around it to grip a less salient limb.

NECKTIE HILL is in despair. His Margaret Mather is not a success. Langtry knocked the artistic stuffing out of her. You see Langtry had the English Prince, while Margaret had only Hill, with only the Chicago "prints" at his command. Your actress nowadays, you see, is judged by the quality and the boodle of her friend and in that respect the Prince lays away over Hill.

WHY doesn't some one sit on that Hebrew, Willie Deutsch? He has just returned from Paris and parades the theatre aisles nightly between the acts as if he thought all New York was interested in learning of his return. His loud Chatlam street Jew manners are very offensive to the general public and some one who wears thick-soled number nine boots and has a reputation as a kicker should tone him down.

THE airs of Langtry and the bad actors she has brought over with her are astounding. Two American actors, one of whom was J. L. Carhart, were engaged to fill blank places in the company, and at the rehearsal these two were obliged to dress in costume (while all the others remained in their street rig) and consent to have that wretched fourth-rate actress, Mrs. Hodson (Labouchere) teach them to act. It is "tough" talent that would consent to such humiliation.

It is said the laundresses of a certain New York hotel are making small fortunes by pretending to abstract certain articles of underwear from Mrs. Langtry's wash and selling them for large sums to the young bloods and club men. One of these fellows appeared the other day with a ruffled shirt which his friends whispered had belonged to the professional beauty. This accounts for the new ruffled shirt called "The Langtry" which is coming into fashion for gentlemen.

WHEN any person applies to the manager of a theatre or a show in any part of the country for free tickets on the plea that he is attached to the POLICE GAZETTE, click him—you can't make a mistake, for he is a fraud. We don't want any courtesies of the dead head ticket sort and don't you forget it. We are going to be free right along to tell the honest truth about the drama and we authorize no one to accept paste-board bribes in our name. This holds good for New York as well as for the rest of the country. Let the managers cut this out and paste it in their hats.

THOSE very officious persons who are so anxious to have us express a favorable opinion of something dramatic may be pleased by the following avowal: George Knight, who has just finished an engagement in New York, where he is too rarely seen, is, in our opinion, the only genuine artistic dialect character comedian on the stage. He is afflicted with too much modesty to put himself in his proper position. If he had only a small share of the cheek of Gus Williams, his feeble imitator, he would find the histrionic road easier to travel. His "Baron Rudolph" is a genuine dialect gem.

MODJESKA, the Countess, is with us again. We saw her in Brooklyn a week or two ago. This skinny Jew woman, who is neither pretty, nor young, nor talented, played to the best business of the season. And why, in Heaven's name? Because she is billed as a Countess. "Them asses" always rush to see the nobility. And moreover, she brings with her the Count and the Viscount. Ah, you should see the count! You would wonder at the resemblance between the blue-blooded nobility and your corner groceryman. It is really sickening to note the success of these people. Talk about art! What chance is there for the genuine thing when this bogus quality scoops all the shekels?

THE new Rip Van Winkle opera of Plan-

quette, produced by Oily D'Oyley at the Standard Theatre, New York, on Oct. 23, is no go. It is not comic, and its romantic parts are dreadfully dismal. Boucicault is not likely to lay any claim to the authorship of this libretto, since it turns out devoid of all interest and dramatic effect. Aren't we a genuine prophet? Didn't we say there was no "go" in this "fakement"? Perhaps the public may come to understand in time the thorough reliability of our predictions, and may save its money by staying away from even the first performances of the fore-ordained failures designated in these prophetic columns.

AMONG the recently imported minor English actresses under the management of Oily D'Oyley and Mr. Arris from Lannon there is a tendency to a boyish distortion of names that is supposed to be really piquant. There's Miss Billie Taylor, and Miss Joey Langdon and Miss Eddie Lonsdale for instance. You'd almost think they were men—wouldn't you? But we'll bet the young bloods have the best of evidence in the world as to the sex of all the English actresses imported for any of the theatres. If they haven't then the captains of the English steamers can be referred to to settle all knotty points in regard to the configuration of the charming creatures. You bet, and all their birth marks, too.

TONY PASTOR has come out grandly. He doesn't run a variety troupe any more. He "conducts an elite theatre." He doesn't do "a couple of turns, cull," but is "at home" and "receives" nightly. Oh gosh, what meat have they been feeding you on out west to make this aesthetic change in you, Tony? Who would think that this airy comic singer was, twenty-five years ago, a clown in a circus in the Bowery and one of the boys thereafter through all the mutations of the variety "bis" and pretty waiter girl racket that noted his start in the "perfect"? Well, well, how wealth does change men and things! Here's even Tony Pastor putting on airs and giving us as thetic guff. Who wouldn't make a wry face over that? He "receives," does he? He is "at home," is he? Oh, Lord!

POOR Sammy of the Entrails, well equipped as he is, finds on the contrary that the rest of the dramatic world has no bowls of compassion for him—nary bowl. He has abandoned his "Taken From Life," as we said he would (although for saying so bravely in our critical capacity at the outset we were unjustly decried), and has fallen back on the only support that is left him—"The World," which is on its last legs and has just barely running strength left to pull painfully through the season. Poor Entrails! What will he do next season? Can it be possible the drama is going to lose him? Perish the thought! Let him be engaged as baggage man to look out for the trunks of the Langtry daisy, since he is too good a dramatic feature to be lost.

THE mock auction sale of seats for the first Langtry performance, was so dreadfully thin that it "gave away" the whole business and alarmed Abbey to that extent that he straightway engaged three alleged journalists to "work up the press" in the interest of the alleged "Lily." They did their work well, flooding the papers with rot about the person and her talent, but the public seemed to understand the game and was remarkably cold. It wouldn't enthrall for a cent. Seats did not command the Bernhardt prices, and the daisy having no talent to back her as the French woman had, failed to catch on with an artistic, (or any other) grip. It's too bad, Abbey, but you have only yourself to blame, for we told you how it would be. Even the burning of your theatre, great as the advertisement was, will fail to establish Wales' darling as an actress.

THE Herald dramatic critic should not swallow all the items given him by those who have an interest in booming the Prince's darling. When he states in print that Tom Taylor's "Unequal Match" was first brought out at Wallack's in 1895, with Madeline Henriques in the leading part, he is away off. The comedy was played and ran two weeks by Laura Keane at her theatre in 1898. Joe Jefferson, Stoddard, and George Jordan were in the cast. We are not going to let this snide English mob play the whole public for suckers in this way. If Madeline Henriques played the part, it was a very weak performance, she being a very weak actress, and Mrs. Langtry's friends would prefer to have the comparison made with her. We've seen Laura Keane play *Heater Grangebrook*, set up her performance as the standard, and you can't play off Madeline Henriques on us in one of her worst attempts. You see we know whereof we speak, and thus it is that we so often paralyze the sophomores in dramatic matters who come around with their bogus advertising statistics.

MAPLESON is working an artful operative game this season. He has secretly entered into partnership with Gye, the other London impresario, and the two are to take the management of the new opera house in New York, which Vanderbilt and the other rich men who were refused stock in the Academy of Music are building. This season, therefore, Mapleson is breaking down the reputation of the Academy by presenting the worst set of third-rate opera squawkers that we have yet had on our boards. Campanini, the tenor, it will be remembered, remains in Italy this year. Why? To give him a rest that he may come back fresh to the scene of his old triumphs, for he is to be director of the stage in the new house under Gye and Mapleson. August Belmont discovered this little game a week ago and was furious over it, as were also the other stockholders, but what are they going to do about it, since the colonel of Her Majesty's Horse Marines has them where the capillary growth is not luxuriant? We see no hope for Belmont unless he engages Tony Pastor to manage the house in a season of opera. Tony's year man, August. He's got far above his business lately and is just your man to make your establishment hold its own against the new shop. He will do better than the Colonel has been doing lately, at any rate.

THE effort to make dramatic capital out of a peculiarly nasty lawsuit for Miss Marie Prescott, is so broad as to become disgusting. The management of a New York theatre went even so far as to allow her to change the traditional stage business of one of Shakespeare's plays to enable her to make a special entrance on the stage, where by artistic rights she should have come on with the mob. And then she is suddenly boosted up as a star for Salvini's off nights, playing *Rose Michel* all by herself. Now, isn't this bad taste? We don't object to Miss Prescott making herself a star if she have the talent, but we are sure she would have languished in the country circuits a long time before she would have got a chance to figure as "the stellar attraction" in a leading New York theatre, had she not been advertised in advance by figuring in the

filthiest court scene on record. She is not an actress of overwhelming talent, and it is as well she should be told so. That she recognizes her real strong point of interest was demonstrated by the unnatural vigor with which she accentuated and, in some measure distorted, the lines of *Emilia*, which could be made to bear ever so indirectly on Harvier and herself. We think it will pay Miss Prescott better to win her fame as an actress without this form of advertising. The subject of that scandal may as well be dropped. We admire innocence and purity and all that in court or theatre, but there is a possibility of overdoing it, and the public, from very weariness of outraged innocence, too blatant and persistently clamorous over its wrongs, may cynically conclude in the critical vein of *Hamlet's* mother, "Methinks the lady doth protest too much." Casting aside the sympathetic veil of injured innocence in which the actress has ensconced herself on the stage since her court room experience, and viewing her as an actress, we must say we don't think much of her *Rose Michel*. In fact we consider it crude, coarse, and lacking in directness of aim. The artiste wobbles, so to speak, in her aesthetic progression, to such an extent, that we have some difficulty in making out what she is driving at. She has evidently seen *Rose Eytting* play the same part, but should have attended several additional performances by that lady, and made a closer study.

In the early evening of Monday, Oct. 30, the date set for the American debut of Mrs. Langtry, the Park Theatre, New York, was found to be on fire. The stage sets for the "daisy's" (or Lily's, have it horticulturally, as you will) American debut had been put together at a cost of \$6,000. The theatre was burned to the ground in fifteen minutes. Imagine, therefore, the holocaust the reporters would have had to spread themselves on if the flames had held back two or three hours until the house had been jammed by the public. Scarcely a soul would have escaped. As it was Abbey made the most of the conflagration, seeking sympathy on the statement that he had lost a hundred thousand dollars. Bosh! The scenery for the Langtry debut cost \$6,000 only and it was Pimples Gould who put up the money. The old lumber and costumes in the theatre weren't worth \$200 all told. The Langtry hadn't sent her trunks to her dressing-room yet, so her dresses were not burned. After much gush in which everyone, great and small, got in his "add," even to Billy the thoul, who got himself paraded in print as a manager, the singed Lily was carted over to the Eighth Avenue Palace of Pimples, where the pus cavity behind the private box was offered her as a dressing-room and other inducements were offered her to play out her engagement. On the stage of a little bandbox like the Park Theatre she might have had some show to pull through, but on the cavernous scene of Pimples' Palace she was sure to be at a terrible disadvantage. All her weak points, her *gaucherie* of voice and action were sure to be magnified and her debut was assured a very melancholy affair indeed. She was smart enough to see this and refused point blank to play in Pimples' Palace, with its quarter-mile track curve of boxes, its vast distances and its tomb like echoes. The offer of the gorgon's pus cavity for dressing and reception rooms didn't blind the professional beauty for a cent. She wouldn't have it—she'd go back to the Prince first and make him pay her a salary instead of firing her off on Abbey and the Yankees to furnish the funds he ought to supply. Abbey's despair was duplicated by that of Pimples and his friends Bolls, Cancer and Abecass, but there was no help for it. She wouldn't play in the nasty palace. Abbey shinned around and finally got Wallack to give her time at his theatre but had to agree to divide the profits with the old man. After all the fuss and preliminary advertising and burning down of theatres she appeared on the 6th inst. before a crowded house but in spite of the claque, which was numerous and well drilled, made a wretchedly weak showing as an actress. She is good to draw one audience only in each town and city on her dramatic route—an audience of curiosity. She should have fallen into the hands of Barnum or Bunnell, being a curiosity merely, like the fat woman or the Circassian beauty or the double-headed girl. An actress? Nary. A beauty? Well, we should smile.

HE MURDERED HIM FOR PEACE.

A Man Kills His Neighbor to Put a Stop to His Matrimonial Broils.

On the night of Oct. 29, in Cincinnati, Anton Delano quarreled in his apartments with his wife, whom he accused of infidelity and she left the house in a huff. In his jealous fury the husband began to break up things, and had just thrown a lamp on the floor, shivering it to fragments, when Emil Trumpeter, who occupied apartments with his family on the same floor, rushed in, and with an oath told Delano to stop the noise. The latter ordered his neighbor out of his room, threatening to throw a chair at him if he did not go. Trumpeter left, but returned in a few minutes, holding his arms down at his sides. He opened Delano's door and walked in. The owner was standing near the center of the floor. Before he could raise an arm to defend himself, Trumpeter rushed forward and plunged a butcher knife into his right breast just above the nipple, producing a horrible wound about two inches in length and four inches in depth. It probably severed the pulmonary artery. The injured man fell to the floor. In a moment his wife came rushing up. He opened his eyes slowly, said: "Oh, Lena, Em has killed me; look at me for the last time," and then died. Meanwhile the murderer walked slowly back to his own room, deliberately put on his coat and hat and walked down stairs, and has not since been seen. There'll be no more matrimonial disputes in that family, you bet. Trumpeter claimed that Delano was a very noisy and quarrelsome neighbor and he had to murder him for sake of peace.

THE MURDERER OF HIS COUSIN.

[With Portrait.]

On the night of Oct. 21 a terrible murder, already alluded to briefly in these columns, occurred in the town of Plymouth, Wisconsin. Two young men named Charles Stewart, whose portrait we give and Spencer Turner, cousins, who have been considered little better than desperadoes in that neighborhood for some time, got into a drunken altercation at the house of Stewart's father and Stewart after knocking Turner senseless with a poker, deliberately saturated his clothing with kerosene oil and set it on fire. The wretched victim, with a broken skull but still alive, was dragged out of doors and left to suffer the torture of the flames. He was discovered in this condition soon after and a surgeon summoned, but the poor wretch died the next day. Stewart is under arrest.

A BEAUTIFUL BLACKMAILER.

How She Trapped and Licked a Cunning Old Merchant of New York.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is more danger in the average gushing young woman you pass on the promenade in New York than in a battery of artillery. Even the most cunning of the born and bred New Yorkers is not always safe against their artful tactics. The blackmail they levy is enormous and the ease and grace with which they glide between the fingers of the law when it makes a clutch at them is remarkable.

In a dry goods store not far from Ninth street and Broadway there occurred lately a little episode of this character that goes several degrees beyond anything of the kind yet reported. The leading member of the firm is a sulky old hunk who is a terror to the young clerks who manifest a disposition to let their youthful animal spirits overflow during business hours. What he finds especially reprehensible is the tendency these youngsters manifest to flirt with the young women who come in on shopping expeditions—many of them females of the decidedly "off color" variety. The rules have been drawn very rigidly by this old chap to repress the clerks in their flirtations with these giddy things and as a consequence the boys are down on him for all they are worth and would go to any safe length to get square with him. Retributive justice struck the old cove a couple of weeks ago however and fairly paralyzed him.

In the establishment there is a dark room which is used for the display of silk and plush goods, that lady purchasers may see how they look under gaslight. The old chap wouldn't allow anyone to run this department but himself and there's where the too cunning old boy got badly left the other day. There was a charming young woman drove up in a coupe one bright day and asked for the finest garnet plush and satin for dress purposes. Selecting the shade that pleased her she wanted to see how it lighted up. The polite old chap escorted her to the dark room with the goods on his arm. There he closed the door and just as he was reaching up to light the gas the beautiful young lady threw off her bonnet, let down her hair, pulled off her silken sack, tore open the bosom of her dress and putting her arms around the old man's neck yelled bloody murder.

He, astounded and alarmed, struggled in vain to get free and while the tussle was at its height the clerks burst in and viewed the scene with horror. The young woman in a frightfully disarranged condition indignantly accused the old man of having committed an outrageous assault on her and when he blushing denied it she called him a bad, wicked old man and threatened to tear his eyes out there and then.

Moreover she called on the clerks to witness her condition in proof of the evil designs of the aforesaid bad, wicked old man. The boss muttered some cuss words and settled with the young woman for \$500 cash but the next day gave up the dark room to the clerks after posting a placard on the door of the apartment to the effect: "Notice—No clerk shall enter the dark room with a lady customer unless accompanied by a cash boy who shall remain until the customer leaves." The notice is there to this day and you may see it if you call. The smart old chap evidently regrets that he did not take a cash boy in with him. That boy would have saved him \$500 in cold money.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

It Proves Uncommonly Rough to an Amorous Illinois Doctor.

On Saturday night Oct. 21, Dr. W. H. Lee, of Macon, Ill., eloped from that city with Miss Clara Shaffer, going to Decatur, where they were married. The relatives did not learn of the elopement until three hours after the marriage, when dire threats were made by two brothers of the bride. The doctor's sister and her husband maintained that he has an undivorced wife and two children in Ohio, and the Shaffer boys considered their sister a victim of a bigamist, hence their threats. Lee and his bride returned home on Monday the 23d ult., but he was informed that the Shaffers were gunning for him, and instantly left town. They returned, however, and on the night of the 27th Lewis Shaffer met Lee unexpectedly, gave him a tremendous whipping, and probably would have killed him if the crowd had not separated them. Dr. Lee had the Shaffers bound over to keep the peace. If Lee proves to be a bigamist the bonds will probably be forfeited, for the irate brothers are certain to kill him.

A DRUNKARD'S TRADEMARK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A Mrs. Grey, of Gonzales, Texas, on the 18th ult. lost patience with her husband who was in the habit of coming home late almost every night in the week in a paralytic state of drunkenness. She had warned him if he did not mend his ways she would punish him in such a manner that he would not be able to forget it during the rest of his natural life. Mr. Grey chose to laugh at this warning, and at midnight on the date mentioned staggered home and fell in a drunken stupor on the floor of his bedroom, utterly unable to reach his bed. Mrs. Grey was ready for him. She had heated an iron brand belonging to the liquor dealer her husband patronized and with it branded him on the forehead, leaving quite clearly defined the advertisement, "J. B. Jones, Wines and Liquors." That husband was awful mad when he awoke and found himself an advertisement for life of Jones' gin mill. He had his wife arrested, but that didn't mend matters. He carries the business card and he can't rub it out.

PUNCTURED BY JEALOUSY.

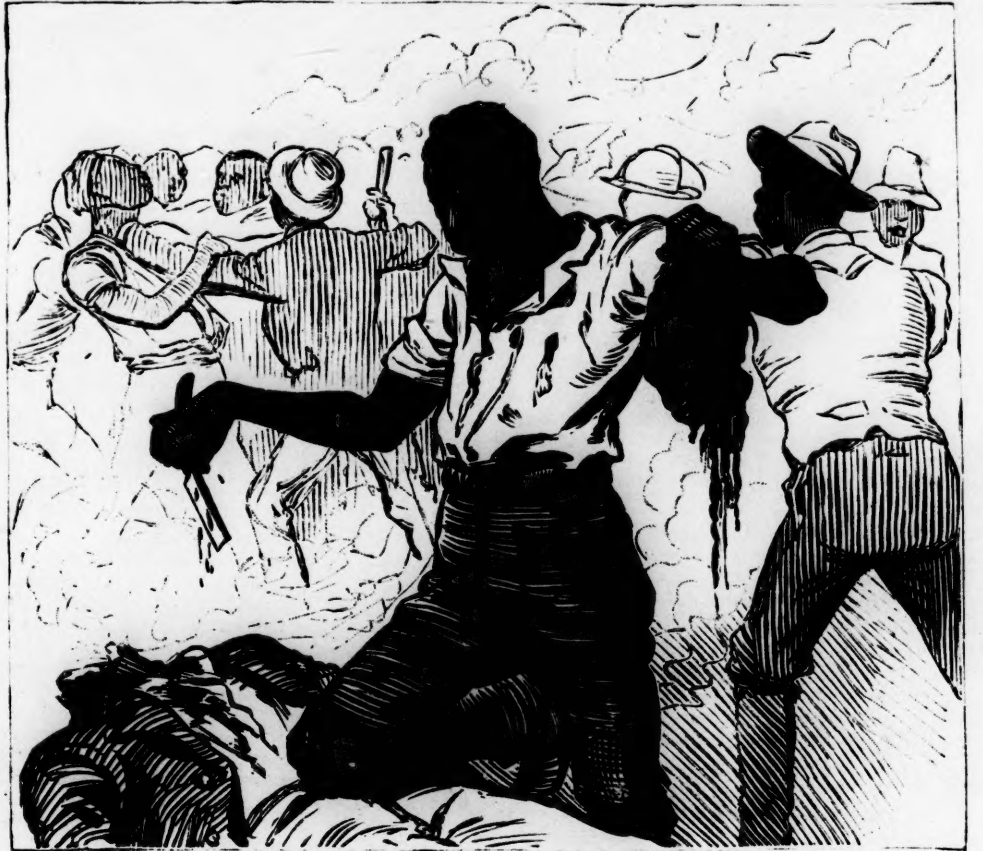
[Subject of Illustration.]

Somebody once asked the conundrum, "What becomes of the pins?" Although we are unable to answer the question in a general sense, we can tell what became of one not long ago at a New York theatre. It was in the hand of a young woman who had recently been "shaken" by a wealthy admirer, and at the same time in a delicate portion of the person of another lady to whom the faithless admirer aforesaid had transferred his affections. It did not remain there long; indeed, nobody knows exactly how long it did stop, or what happened when it came out. The word "war" covers the description pretty thoroughly, however. So we will simply state that there was war in that theatre, and that the number of the wounded was two. At latest accounts from the hospital they were doing as well as could be expected, which, under the circumstances, is about all any reasonable man could ask.



A TEXAS WIFE'S REVENGE.

A LADY OF DALLAS, WHOSE HUSBAND WAS CAUGHT AND KILLED IN AN INTRIGUE, ATTEMPTS TO SLAY HIS CHARMER.



A DARKEY DECAPITATED.

A PARTY OF NEGROES ENGAGE IN A RAZOR DUEL, AT CHARLOTTE, N. C., IN WHICH ONE OF THEM LOSES HIS HEAD.

An Embezzler Sought For.

Theodore Voorhees, Superintendent of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company at Troy, N. Y., or John Maloy, Chief of Police of Albany, N. Y., will pay \$250 reward for the delivery in the latter city of one W. D. Vrooman, lately ticket agent at Fort Edward, N. Y., for the canal company. The young fellow embezzled funds of his employers to a large amount and then skipped away. His description is given as follows to aid those who may undertake to gain the \$250 reward: Twenty-two years of age, 5 feet 3 inches in height, weighs about 125 pounds, smooth face, full upper lip, wide across cheek bones, sallow complexion, blue eyes, light brown hair thin on top. Holds head down while speaking. Walks with shoulders erect. Wears hat on one side. Had on a new



CHARLES STEWART,

MURDERER OF HIS COUSIN AT PLYMOUTH, WISCONSIN.

suit of clothes when he left black ground, with dark blue and green invisible check half inch squares; coat, single-breasted sack, long roll, double-stitched edge; single-breasted vest, with plain roll collar; usually wears rather low-cut shirt and turn-down collar, gold watch and heavy chain.

A Decapitated Darkey.

On the morning of Oct. 30, two rival parties of negroes engaged in a desperate battle at Charlotte, N. C. They all were armed with razors which were used freely all around, and the way they did carve the black meat was a caution. The leaders being experts in handling this deadly weapon of the darkies had a duel to the death. Both were fatally injured, but "Mose" McMullen fell first and his antagonist literally cut his head from



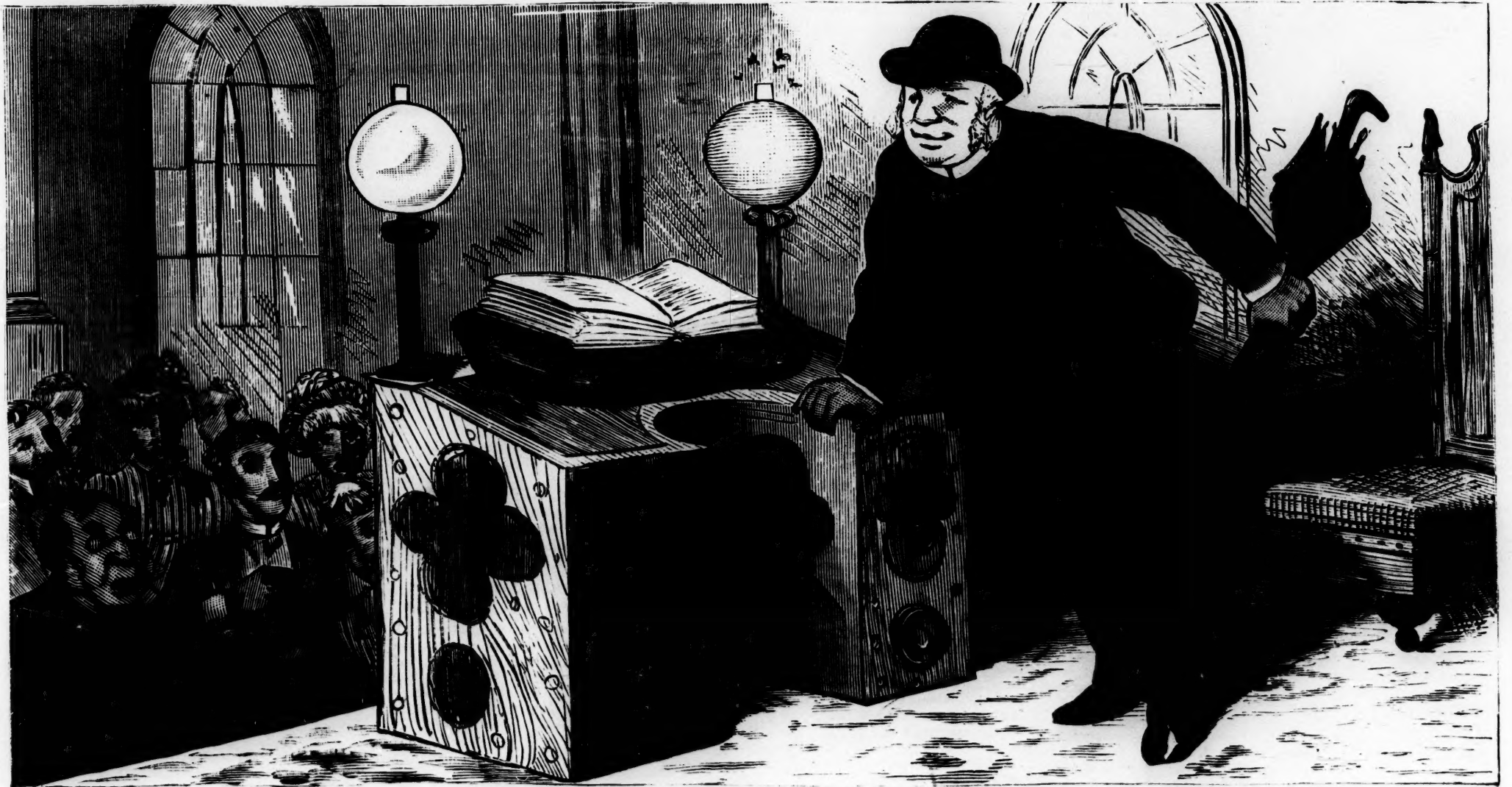
WILLIAM D. VROOMAN,

WANTED AT ALBANY, N. Y., FOR EMBEZZLEMENT; \$250 REWARD OFFERED.

his body and held up the bloody trophy in savage glee before he fell dying beside his foe. Several others of the party suffered injuries that are expected to result fatally. The central event in the tragic tableau, though, was the duel of the chiefs and the catastrophe climaxed when "Mose" lost his head.

Red Hot Temperance Men.

At an early hour in the morning of Oct. 28, the liquor saloon of Joseph Reinhart, in Palestine, Ind., was blown up with dynamite. It was completely wrecked, and the stock and chips of the building were scattered all over the town. The foundation was torn out and demolished and the ground dug up all around. A residence near by was also wrecked. Two men, J. C. Bronson and John Smith, were severely injured.



A SPORTING PARSON'S GIVE AWAY.

A DOMINIE, WHO IS ONE OF THE BOYS, APPEARS IN THE PULPIT IN HIS FIELD RIG AND HORRIFIES HIS BELOVED BRETHREN.

A Dangerous Small Boy.

While the congregation were devoutly praying in a Methodist church at Gloucester, Mass., at the morning service on Sunday, Oct. 29th, there suddenly broke out a rapid popping as of a pistol and a dog ran ki-yi-ing down the middle aisle. A little boy, Johnny Dow, not over twelve years of age, was on his knees in his father's pew pretending to pray but sending shots down the aisle after the retreating dog. Several members of the congregation had a narrow escape from death, it being noted, as usual, that those who howl the most about the delights of heaven and the triumphs of Christian death are the least anxious to go and realize the treasure they have been laying up.

After little Johnny had been disarmed and spanked and prayed for he confessed that, having grown weary of the dominie's long sermons, he had listened to the promptings of the devil and stolen his father's pistol and taken it to church as a plaything to pass the weary time of exhortation and prayer. Seeing a stray dog wandering up the aisle he couldn't resist the temptation to have a shot at it.

A Coffin-Bottomed Raft.

Timothy O'Neil escaped from Hart's Island on Sept. 9 by lashing together with twine two

**A CONVICT'S CATAMARAN.**

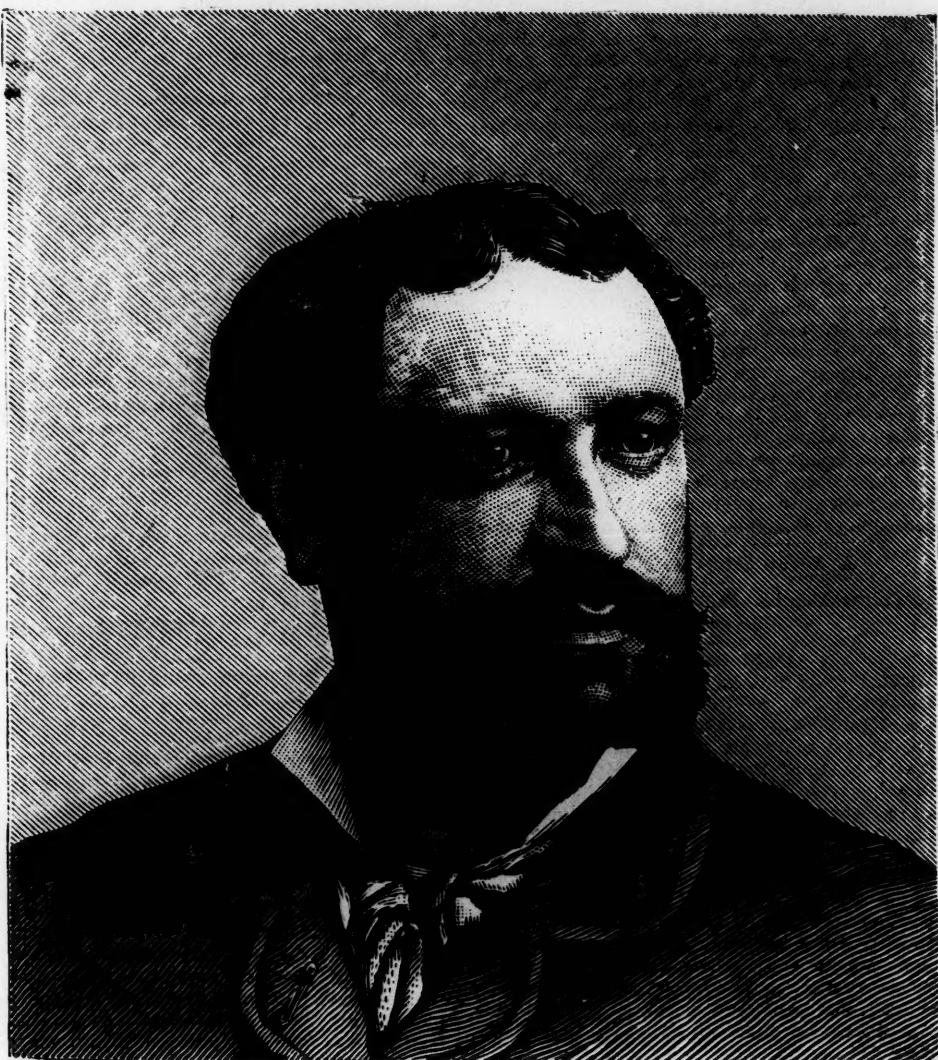
A YOUNG PRISONER FLOATS AWAY FROM HART'S ISLAND, N. Y., ON TWO COFFINS WHICH HE FINDS LYING AROUND LOOSE.

A. Mezieres.

Pre-eminently the finest comedian France has ever sent us, Monsieur Mezieres holds the foremost position among all the foreign favorites upon our stage. Originally a character actor of rare humor and of superb art, he was popular in the United States long before he made those appearances in comic opera with which he has become of late years identified. It is an old adage that good wine needs no bush. In the same spirit such an actor as M. Mezieres needs no encomiums from us. His art has won that fame and profit for him which are the actor's lode star. It will be a day of mourning to the stage when he ceases to enjoy both.

Bob Ford's Acquittal.

At Plattsburg, Mo., on Oct. 26, the trial of Bob Ford for the murder of Wood Hite was ended, the jury rendering a verdict of not guilty. The cause of the shooting of this man dates back to a shooting scrape between Hite and Liddil near Adairville, Ky., last fall. Hite's step-mother is less than thirty years old and Hite suspected that she was untrue to her marriage vows. This led him to threaten the life of a man named Hicks. His step-mother wrote a note to Hicks to put him on his guard, but Wood saw her give

**A. MEZIERES.**

[Photo by Marc Gambler.]

**FRANCESCA GUTHRIE.**

[Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Phila.]

coffins which he procured at the dead house, and setting sail on the novel craft was wrecked on Execution Rock, but was taken off by a schooner and brought to New York. On Oct. 13 he was re-arrested and sent back to the workhouse for the rest of his term.

Francesca Guthrie.

Miss Guthrie is well known to the public through her appearances with Mahn's Boccacio Company, later in "Billie Taylor" and at other times in various roles of the lighter musical drama. Miss Guthrie is a charmingly graceful actress, bright, sparkling and full of true dramatic spirit. Her voice is sweet, ductile and of moderate compass and her musical education has admirably fitted her for the lighter lyric stage. Her laurels have been fairly won and are gracefully worn. Those of the future can add little to the honors embodied in the tributes of the past.

**A DANGEROUS SMALL BOY'S FREAK.**

HE TAKES HIS FATHER'S REVOLVER TO CHURCH IN GLOUCESTER, MASS., AS A PLAYTHING AND EMPTIES IT AT A STRAY DOG DURING PRAYERS.

it to a negro to deliver and he followed him on his errand and killed him. Mrs. Hite swore out a warrant against him and he was arrested but escaped from his guard. On his return home he took up with his step-mother, when a quarrel ensued in which both drew revolvers and a running fight was the consequence. Neither was injured but each swore vengeance. They both skipped out and went to Missouri but by separate routes. Their meeting at the Ford place was the first after their separation and during the fight between them Bob fired the fatal shot.

There is now no doubt that the attorneys of Ford and those of Frank James consummated an agreement at their conferences at Lexington and Kansas City that none of the James family were to appear as witnesses against Bob, the Fords likewise to be absent when Frank is tried. It is rumored that money is at work.

CUPID'S CRIMES;

OR,

THE TRAGEDIES OF LOVE.

By the Author of "Great Crimes and Criminals of America," "Lives of the Poisoners," "Secrets of the Tomb," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

CALIFORNIA'S MAN MONSTER.

One of the most curious crimes ever scored to Cupid's credit in America was the murder of Della J. Tilton by her brother-in-law in San Francisco on Oct. 20, 1881. George D. Wheeler was a married man. After eight years of wedded life in the east he had a quarrel with his wife in New York and ran off to California with her sister. According to his wife's account "I allowed them to come out together for he didn't have money enough for us both and I said I would wait till he had more money." However this may have been, Mrs. Wheeler certainly remained in the east some time after May, 1880, when her husband left. Then she joined hubby and sister in San Francisco. The happy family resided in a Kearney street lodging house.

On the night of Oct. 20 Wheeler walked into the city prison and delivered himself up on a charge of having killed his sister-in-law. The strange and horrible story he related was as follows:

"George W. Peckham is the cause of all this trouble. He is a gambler and resides at Cisco, Placer county. He was going to take my sister-in-law away from me to-morrow and take her to Sacramento. I have had trouble with my wife. She threatened to separate from me. My wife and sister-in-law and I resided together for several years. My wife accused my sister-in-law of making trouble between us. My wife has not treated me well. I loved my sister-in-law and I am willing to die for her and she was willing to die for me. We were in room No. 14, No. 23 Kearney street to-day about three o'clock and I put my right hand on her neck and my left hand over her mouth. She struggled for a few minutes and then died. I put her dead body in her trunk. I stayed in the room doing nothing until ten o'clock and then I came down here and delivered myself up."

With regard to his previous life he said: "I have been married eleven years. I was born in the state of Maine and am thirty-five years of age. I have two brothers, Charles Wheeler and John Wheeler, living in Baldwinville, Mass. My father lives in Portland, Me. I came to this city about six months ago from New York, expecting to work at my trade as an engineer. My darling Adele was as good as a wife to me. More she could not have been. Peckham met her in Cisco about six months ago when we first came here. She was twenty years old. He acquired a strong influence over her. He came to this city last Saturday and has been taking her to theatres and other places of amusement. She told me to-day that he was going to Sacramento to-morrow and that she would probably go with him. She said, 'I would rather die than go.' I said I was perfectly willing to die for her. She asked me to cut her throat, but I said I could not bear to see her blood. She said she was willing I should choke her. I then choked her as I described. My wife was in the house but did not know anything of this. I am perfectly willing to suffer the penalty of death. I am ready to lay down my life for her. My wife and I have been having a good deal of trouble. She left me a short time ago when I was in Cisco and we were separated for two weeks. She returned to me about a week or ten days ago. I stayed in my room looking over my papers after I killed my sister-in-law until I came down here to the city prison. I met Peckham at the door of my room this evening but did not have any conversation with him."

Wheeler told this story with the utmost self-possession and coolness. Questioned and cross questioned he never wavered from his story. Upon proceeding to the lodging house the officers opened a trunk in the corner of the room to find the body of the girl crammed into it. The head was jammed in the lower left corner; the back was close to the front of the trunk. Several skirts had been thrown on top of the body and the lid closed. A measurement of the trunk in which the murdered woman was packed showed it to be thirty-four inches long, twenty-one and a half inches wide and twelve and a half inches in depth below the shoulder where rested the tray. An autopsy held on the body of the deceased found that death had resulted from strangulation.

The room, which was an inside apartment having a curtained window opening on the hall, while above the door was an open transom, contained the trunk already alluded to, a ward robe, a bureau and a large bedstead. How the murder could have been committed without giving warning to the other inmates of the house was and is still a mystery.

Mrs. Wheeler went into hysterics upon hearing that her husband had murdered her sister and declared that she loved her dearly. Her resentment against her husband appeared to be less violent than her grief for his victim. But the most astounding character in the crime was the murderer himself.

Wheeler was a highly-respectable looking man slightly above the middle height, with brown hair and moustache. No description could convey an idea of his indifference, or the stoicism he manifested in describing the murderous climax of his infamy. The following interview with his wife in prison is well worth preservation as an evidence of his utter self-possession. He received her as coolly and indifferently as if the meeting was an uneventful incident of every day life, stepping out of his cell with a placid smile upon his face.

"How are you, Mary?" said he, and he actually doffed his hat.

"Oh, you villain!" she exclaimed, as she drew back.

The outburst of feeling had no effect on the man.

"It's done now, Mary," said he, "and it can't be helped."

"But, oh! how could you do it?" the woman asked. How could you kill her and disgrace us all? Oh! how could you?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "What's the use of talking about it?" he replied.

"George," said the wife, advancing toward him, "I want you to tell me the truth. How did you kill her? Don't deceive me now. Tell me just how you did it."

"Do you want to know," he asked, carelessly.

"Yes, I want you to tell me before God just how you did it."

"Oh, I'll tell you. Just hold my hat a moment will you?" said he to a bystander, as he stretched his left hand toward the fearful wife. She instinctively drew back.

"Don't be scared," said he. "I won't hurt you. This is how I did it."

And he placed his left hand on her mouth and grasped her throat with his right. In a moment he released her, and she asked:

"Didn't she struggle?"

"Oh, yes, of course she kicked a little but she had made up her mind to die."

"She had. How do you know?"

"How do I know?" he repeated, with more animation than he had shown. "Why, don't you know that she wanted me to cut her throat? But I wouldn't do nothing like that."

The moral outlaw looked at his wife to see what effect the statement would have, and seemed to feel that he deserved some approbation for not having spilled his victim's blood. The wretched woman hid her face in her hands and the miscreant continued:

"I wanted her to take poison, but she wouldn't."

The wife looked up through her tears.

"George," she asked, "did she say anything?"

He shook his head.

"Didn't she say anything about me? Didn't she want to see me?"

"No," said he, with a tinge of scorn in his tone; "she didn't think of anybody but me."

"And you killed her, you miserable villain, you killed her and put her corpse in the trunk to hide your crime?"

"No, I didn't," said he, calmly. "There's where you're wrong. I put her in the trunk so that I couldn't see her. When she was alive I loved her, and after she was dead I kissed her and kissed her, but I thought she was only a piece of clay, and didn't belong to me no more nor to anybody else and so I put her away where no one could look at her. I knew what I was doing. I know that I'll be hanged, and I'm only sorry it ain't to be sooner."

"Oh, you murderer," she gasped.

"Don't call me a murderer," said he, rising from the bench and facing Peckham, who throughout the painful scene had sat speechless and unnerved; "there is the murderer. There sits the man that caused all the trouble."

For the first time his manner indicated his capacity to experience another feeling than that of brutal indifference. Peckham only drooped his head lower on his breast, but the wife was moved by a new agony.

"What will they say at home?" she wailed. "Oh, George, how could you treat my sister that way? I, who have been a true wife to you."

"Oh, no," said he, quickly; "oh, no."

"What do you mean by Oh, no?" she asked, her eyes flashing.

He waved his hand. "Don't get excited," said he, coldly. "This is no time to argue about these things. I've given it all to the newspapers, and everything will come out."

"Oh, my God!" moaned the miserable wife. "Oh, father, mother, sister!" she gasped, and stretched out her arms as if about to swoon. A sympathetic bystander caught the unfortunate woman before she could fall, and the prison-keeper brought the sad scene to a close.

"Take him away," said the official, and the "trustee" beckoned the murderer back to the gloom of his cell. He went as he came, collected, cool and indifferent.

The trial of Wheeler was enlivened by the fact that two women were the opposing counsel in the case. Clara S. Foltz, the prosecuting attorney, was about 29 years of age, of fine figure, blonde hair and honest brown eyes. She had been admitted to the bar some two years before. She was an ambitious, energetic and deserving woman, the mother of five children who depended upon her for support. She was married at 15 years of age, was a native of Indiana, had for several years resided in California where her struggle has been a heroic one, and her future seemed full of promise. Sympathetic, kind, generous and womanly, though of a vigorous and energetic temperament, she had won many admiring friends. Mrs. Laura de Force Gordon was quite widely known, having been associated with the suffrage movement in the east where she had both lectured and spoken. She was a very able woman, with fine features, blue eyes, and a face and manner quite fascinating. She had remarkable self-possession, a logical mind and argued in a strong, masterly way. Clear, concise and convincing, her early training and experience had been such as to constantly improve her. She made an able and eloquent appeal for Wheeler.

These "sisters-in-law" met with encouragement and were treated with marked gallantry by their brothers in the law at the bar of California. They had several tilts in court which were duly chronicled in the papers and served to add to the extraordinary nature of the trial, which ended in Wheeler's being found guilty. He escaped the gibbet, however. Insanity was regarded as a sufficient plea to insure his incarceration for life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TAFFY ON A STICK.

A New Fashion in Candy Manufacture Introduced into a Mining Town With Disastrous Results.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A brisk town is Bozeman, Montana. It has taken the place once filled by Leadville, and all the devils of the west have there centered of late. The advance of civilization in that direction is marked by some very lively episodes as usual in frontier towns. A plug hat or two has appeared and its owner has had a tough time to escape with his life, leaving the hat behind to furnish fun for the boys, and several cut-throat "billed shirt" collars have subjected their wearers to a roll in the mud and many other indignities. Imagine the surprise of this peculiarly lively population, therefore, when there appeared in town in the early part of October a confectioner of the modern Eastern style. He brought all his traps with him and hired a show window in town to display the process of candy manufacture. He had a white apron and cap of the peculiar French style, and had the courage to wear them. When he began to stir the taffy all the girls in town gathered around, and several of the prettiest contested for the privilege of licking the stick. It was not long before "the boys" got wind of this new sensation, and they gathered in force to do justice to the occasion. A voracious chronicler, one of the POLICE GAZETTE correspondents, one who is ordinarily prolix in dealing with sensation items, stands paralyzed before this event. All he can say is that the boys had a jolly time with that cap and apron, and that the funeral was attended by all the citizens.

BREATHS OF SCANDAL.

Tender Morsels that Mrs. Grundy and the Tea-Table Gossips Enjoy.

On October 26 William Armstrong, of Cascade, Iowa, ran away with a young woman, his brother's daughter, leaving a wife and four children. The excited neighbors are anxious that he should be caught so that they may lynch him.

Miss IDA GEAVES, aged 19, was shot dead as she sat by the window, at Marietta, Mich., on the evening of the 18th ult. Suspicion falls on her father's hired man, named Sullivan, a lover, whose proposition she had refused in the afternoon.

Dr. C. W. RICK, a well known physician of Louisville, Ky., was arrested on the 27th of October, on a charge of consulting an abortion on Mrs. Emma Manning, a young and pretty grass widow, who at last accounts was in a dying condition in the National Hotel. Mrs. Manning arrived in Louisville from La-grange, Ky., five months ago, and she alleges was seduced by the young lawyer who had secured her a divorce from her husband two years before. The abortion is said to have been committed in the National Hotel, and two of the chambermaids have been arrested as accomplices.

On Oct. 27, John B. Lesaulnier, Assistant Cashier of the German Exchange Bank of Milwaukee, Wis., was arrested charged with the seduction of Mary Selpert, daughter of Henry Selpert, one of the principal partners in the Milwaukee lithographing establishment. A few days before the date mentioned above, Selpert called at the bank and threatened to shoot the young man if he didn't square things by marrying the young woman. Lesaulnier told him to shoot if he chose to do so, and at the same time expressed a determination not to marry the girl, for the reason that she had previously been unduly intimate with other male admirers. He would not deny his own intimacy during a period of upward of one year that he kept her company.

A SENSATION was created in Vincennes, Ind., on the 27th ult., by the arrest of Miss Annie Stuart, a well-known young lady, on a charge of having assaulted an old gentleman named Beck. Annie, it is alleged, placed her affections on Mr. Charles M. Wetzel, a young attorney, and probably had good reasons to believe they were reciprocated. Wetzel has of late been keeping company with Miss Maggie Beck, a school teacher. For a week preceding the date of the assault given above, Miss Stuart has been dodging Wetzel's footsteps in the direction of the Beck mansion. No trouble resulted until the 27th ult., when she was accosted by Beck, *per se*, who came near being shot by the irate woman. The engagement was spirited for a minute or so, and resulted in the filing of two affidavits by Beck. Miss Stuart was fined on both charges. She then went on the hunt again for Wetzel, but he succeeded in being in some place else when she called.

A NOTED SPORTING MAN.

Some Points About a Famed New Yorker, Lately Deceased.

[With Portrait.]

Wm. H. Borst of the Alhambra Theatre, who died on Monday, Oct. 30, at his residence, 93 Lexington avenue, New York, was a grandson of Stephen B. Munn, the rich real estate operator who founded and owned the town of Fonda, N. Y. Mr. Munn had much property on Madison avenue and his residence used to be where the St. Nicholas Hotel now stands. From that estate Wm. H. Borst inherited over \$200,000, a very large share of which he is said to have expended in promoting the happiness of acquaintances whose only claim upon him was that they wanted money and he had it. He was very fond of horses and in early life applied himself to training and driving horses on the old Fashion course.

Old horsemen say that he never had a trotting horse in his hands that he did not give its best record to, in proof of which they cite the records of George Wilkes, Fearless, Old Put, John J. Bradley and other famous trotters. Mr. Borst won several memorable races driving teams, among others that in which Honest Allen and running mate beat Goldsmith Maid. In the fall of 1871 he drove Ethan Allen and running mate against Mac and running mate, winning and making the best record up to that time.

In 1874 he had a sales stable especially for trotters and fine horses on 35th street near Fifth avenue and for most of the succeeding two years took the Ada Richmond burlesque troupe, which he had organized, about the country.

Mr. Borst was a fine general athlete and a skillful boxer. He had put on the gloves with Mace, Goss, Coburn, Rooke and other famous pugilists and never hesitated to spar any of them in private but never could be induced to appear in public as a boxer. In 1875 James Gordon Bennett made the journey from the Gilsey House to the gate of Jerome Park and back to the Gilsey House on a bet in about four hours. Col. Leach, U. S. A., talking over that achievement offered to bet Mr. Borst \$1,000 that he could not go from George Day's place on 29th street to the gate of Jerome Park and back—run or walk as he pleased, as Bennett had done—within four hours.

At 5 o'clock one morning Borst started out accompanied by a number of sporting men in carriages to see the thing fairly done, and made the trip to Jerome Park and back in 2 hours 51 minutes. Then he offered to bet Col. Leach the entire stakes he had won, \$2,000, that he could immediately repeat the feat in three hours. Col. Leach declined the bet.

THE PARSON'S HOPEFUL SON.

He Goes on a Spree, Gets in a Woman Scrape and is Given Away.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A parson of Chicago named Romeyn Martyne, who is now without a charge but who officiates by turns in one of the theatres on Sunday, has a son who is very "fresh" and extremely fast, even for a parson's son. This youngster, Wm. B. Martyne by name, has been going it at a pretty lively rate for over a year past unknown to the old man, but the other night, the 19th ult., he was badly given away.

He had been on terms of intimacy with a young woman named Cora Hibbert, who pretended to make her living by acting as clerk for a firm of law copyists. Cora had more profitable employment, however. She was decidedly "crooked," as all the boys about town knew and most of them boasted of her lavish favors. Young Martyne fell in love with her and the two went on a spree which lasted two days. When they came back to town on the 19th ult., after a visit to a neighboring village both were hilariously drunk.

The girl asked the young chap to marry her and he in his maudlin condition consented. She, out of pure devilry, led him to his father's house and bolting in while the family was at prayers dragging her drunken lover after her, announced:

"See here, old man, your son has seduced me and we have come to have you make it square. We want you to marry us right off, don't we, Billy?"

Then the parson rose in his wrath, postponed his prayer and fired both the bride and the bridegroom into the gutter, whence they were taken up in a handcart by the police and trundled off to the lockup, where anon there is great scandal prevailing in Chicago.

A FATAL MARRIAGE.

The Lawyer Who Drew the Contract Shoots the Bridegroom for Refusing to Pay His Fee.

A young physician, Dr. Edward A. Evans, from Franklin, Miss., located a short time since in Nicholasville, Ky., and there met a handsome young widow who had come from Keokuk, Iowa, to place her daughter, aged 12, at school. The doctor fell madly in love with the widow, who however had determined to leave the town and packed her trunks to go east. The young sawbones however succeeded in persuading her to become his wife.

His marriage was a hasty one, having been performed at midnight previous to her final departure for home. She was boarding at the residence of Mr. G. R. Letcher at the time and he, being a prominent lawyer, was called upon to draw up a marriage contract and did so cheerfully. The wedding was arranged and a minister was summoned from his bed to perform the ceremony. The marriage seems to have been a happy one so far and a few days ago the father of the groom sent him money to bring his bride to Franklin, Miss., to visit him.

They decided to go on the 28th ult. and had arrived at the depot to take the midnight train for the home of their parents. Mr. Letcher, with a lawyer's license to make all he can, had charged the party to the happy marriage contract \$20 and the young doctor positively refused to pay it, whereupon Letcher had an attachment served upon his trunks which were at the depot ready to start with the owner's things. He detained the physician who came back down town with his wife whom he left at the hotel and went on the hunt for Letcher whom he found on Main street in front of the court house.

A few words were passed and several shots were heard by parties sleeping in close proximity to the scene and soon after the screams of a woman. This brought a crowd out upon the streets only to find Dr. Edward E. Evans a corpse, one shot having pierced his jugular vein and proved fatal at once, Mr. George Letcher having fired the fatal ball. He immediately gave himself up to the authorities and was lodged in jail. Letcher is a nephew of the Hon. Wm. Brown of Washington and connected with some of the best families of Nicholasville. Dr. Evans had no weapon of any kind upon his person.

A BATTLE WITH BANDITS.

The Minden Murderers Being Run Down in Kansas, Make a Second Desperate Fight.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Our readers will remember our illustration in last week's POLICE GAZETTE, of the murderous affray at Minden, Mo., between two desperadoes and the detectives who ran them down in the dining room of the hotel at that place. The ruffians, whose portraits we also gave last week, escaped unscathed from this terrible scene and mounting their horses rode out of town. An hour after two armed parties of citizens started in pursuit. The desperadoes were well mounted and despite every effort to head them off succeeded in getting over the Kansas border and into the wild which is probably their favorite lurking place. Here the pursuers were puzzled in following the trail, but being determined men there was no thought of abandoning the pursuit. While the main body was beating about in various directions for the true scent, two detectives of the rough border sort got on the track of the fugitives and surprised them in a little hut hidden away in a dense patch of woods. The men were resting, one watching while the other slept, and the approach of the detectives was noted at once.

The officers were permitted to crawl into the trap, and finding themselves in the grip of the two men they sought, a desperate hand to hand conflict ensued, which resulted in the death of one of the detectives (his throat being cut), the other being wounded and tied living to a larriat, and dragged after the horse of one of the bandits until he was dead. A part of the main body came on the scene at this juncture and the ruffians shielding themselves behind the corpses of their two victims gave battle and drove off their assailants. Then mounting, they fought their way through the posse with a gallantry worthy of a better cause, and escaped again.

The pursuit is still in progress and large rewards are offered for the capture of this precious pair who have come to the front like meteors to take the places left vacant by the death of Jesse and the retirement of Frank James from the bandit business; and they are worthy successors, too, judging from the terrific beginning of their career.

RECORDS OF "BAD MEN."

A String of Villainies that make Angels Weep and the Imps of Satan Grin.

In a bar room quarrel at Albuquerque, New Mexico, on the 27th ult., Tom Lynch, a bunco man, fractured the skull of C. S. Ferris with a loaded whip. Ferris is said to be fatally injured. If he dies the citizens will hang Lynch without trial. Three years ago Lynch was the leader of a band of desperadoes in Colorado which was broken up by his lieutenant, Canterbury, being hung.

On Oct. 23d John N. Nape, a farmer residing near Portlandville, N. Y., in a fit of jealousy, shot his wife at the breakfast table, then shot the hired man named Baker, and finished by cutting his own throat. He died. The others will recover.

At San Saba, Texas, on the 27th of October, Tom Jones was killed by his cousin, Wm. Jones, in a quarrel about a horse race. This desperate couple had a pistol fight with a couple of constables a week before and came out of the affair triumphant.

On the 23d ult. Wm. Priem, while out carriage riding at St. Paul, Minn., with a woman of bad reputation named Carrie Warner, asked her to marry him. She refused and he fired a shot at her. Thinking he had killed her he put a bullet through his heart. She was not hit at all.

WHY HEISER SKIPPED.

He Abandons His Business and Silently Steals Away From Milwaukee.

His Wife and a Young Woman Remain Behind to Fight Out a Piquant Scandal Between Them.

Another disappearance reported from Milwaukee, Wis. On Oct. 26 it was reported that John Heiser, of the trunk manufacturing firm of Carpeles, Heiser & Co., who have a branch house in Chicago, had skipped from Milwaukee under a cloud of social scandal, taking with him \$25,000 in money—all he had in the business, which he drew out on the 6th of September. He settled with the firm and drew out so quietly that no one knew of it until after he had gone for good. When he went away he gave out that he was going to buy lumber but it is thought he has gone to Europe. Mrs. Heiser gave the following explanation to the reporters:

About five years ago we took into our family a girl named Barbara Centner, a dressmaker, who worked for her board mornings and evenings and went out to work in the meantime. We soon commenced to love her as a child and treated her as such, taking her with us to the theatre and out buggy riding whenever we went. After she was in our house about three years she became enclente and then I found my husband had been intimate with her. I drove her out of the house and she went to live at No. 527 Milwaukee street where my husband has been visiting her since, which I can prove. She is the ruin of me and my family. My husband is 63 years old and I am sixty-five years of age. We have no children and always lived happily together till the girl came. After this she paid her attention, abused me but gave me all the money I wanted. The trouble she has caused me has broken me down and this fall I became deaf from that account.

On the day my husband left he came to me and said a happy good-bye. I kissed him and put some apples and good things in his valise and he said he was going to Michigan to buy lumber. Time passed and I did not hear from him. Becoming alarmed I called on Mr. Carpeles and asked for some money and for my husband. He said my husband was gone and that I could not have any money as he had withdrawn from the firm. He only left me \$200 and the household furniture. The house we do not own. I have long tried to get him to buy a place but he would not for some reason, although he was abundantly able to do so.

When questioned as to what became of the child that resulted from the criminal intimacy, Mrs. Heiser broke down completely and ejaculated hysterically that she would not tell under any circumstances unless placed upon the witness stand, in which event she could make some startling statements.

After a hunt the reporter found that Miss Centner had not left town with the missing man and interviewed her. When told what Mrs. Heiser had said about her she was wild.

"I run away with her husband?" said she, "with a man 63 years old when I can get so many young fellows? What should I do that for, I'd like to know? Just you come over to Mrs. Heiser's with me and I'll ask her what she means by her talk about me, anyhow?"

And with this she flung on her bonnet and seeking the reporter by the arm dragged him through the street to the house of her enemy. Mrs. Heiser was not in but she was finally found in the office of the *Wisconsin* newspaper, where she was making a statement to the editor. There was an immediate row and a hair pulling match between the two women.

The office was wrecked and it required the united efforts of the city editor, the foreman and a dozen typists to separate them. Heiser hasn't been heard from yet.

MIXED FACTS AND FANCIES.

Odds and Ends of News, Gossip and Scandal From All Sources.

An old man who got off a Frisco train at Springfield Mo., named Joshua Green, and who proved worthy of the name, allowed himself to be fleeced on the 26th ult. out of \$100 by three confidence men, his fellow passengers, perfect strangers to him.

This item is what the Chicago papers call a justifiable suicide: "On Oct. 25 James Carter committed suicide by shooting himself. He had two wives who were threatening to give him trouble."

ROBERT MEEKIN alias William, a 'drummer' employed by Nicholas Miller & Co., of New York, was arrested in Wheeling, W. Va., on Oct. 26, for thieving. He had visited a jewelry store and filled his pockets with gold watches and silver forks and spoons. He pleaded the opium habit as his excuse for the theft.

On Oct. 25 Wm. F. Ranson, a defaulting station agent, attempted to kill himself with a case knife at Jefferson City. He was taken on a train en route for the Missouri Hospital at Sedalia, Mo., but just before the train arrived there managed to throw himself from the car platform under the wheels. His head was severed from his body.

The girls are very "soon" in Denver, Colo. For instance there is a little girl, Nellie Wightman, aged only 14, who eloped on Oct. 24 with a man named George Bates. She had disappeared three weeks before with a strange man and had been found by her parents in a disreputable house in the city. Nellie's evidently a "thoroughbred" according to Denver notions.

HIGH TONED SCANDAL.

A Divorce Case With Bad Blood and Cowhides as Side Issues.

The divorce suit of Mrs. Young, of Cincinnati, Ohio, against her husband, Gen. Hal Young, is setting the high toned citizens of Porkopolis by the ears and furnishing much amusement for the prying prurient gossips. On the 31st ult. General Young filed an answer to the amended petition in the divorce proceedings commenced by his wife. This answer averred that he was innocent himself, and that Mrs. Young, in company with Frank Foster, frequented disreputable places of entertainment, frequently dining with Foster in private at Harding's restaurant on West Sixth street; that since November, 1878, she has been in constant company and society of said Frank Foster at all hours of the day and night, at his place of business and elsewhere, driving, walking, and sitting with him

that she attended with him frequent spiritualistic seances, in which the said Foster pretended to act as a spiritualistic medium, and so on. This made a great sensation which Mrs. Foster tried to quell by publishing on Nov. 2 the following card in defense of her husband:

"It is true that Mrs. H. C. Young has been a great deal at our home, my invited guest, always welcome as a sister. One important omission was made in the statement that she went out frequently with Frank Foster. They forgot to add, 'and his wife,' which has been the invariable rule. Mrs. Young is too thorough a lady and her conduct too strictly correct for such an accusation against her to stand any ground at all. This new and malicious production of evil minds only endears her the more, and my heart and home will always be open to her. As for my husband, if there is anything in his past which he has cause to blush for, it is the fact that he has been on terms of intimacy with the Youngs. His conduct and motives are understood by me to my perfect satisfaction, and I believe him quite capable of making them understood by the public also."

Meantime Mr. Foster, furious at the turn of affairs, went out to hunt Young. He found the General at the corner of Fourth and Vine streets, and drawing a black-snake whip went for him savagely. After getting in three blows, he was seized, choked and disarmed by Young's brother. He then attempted to draw a pistol but was overpowered and dragged away. Both the General and Foster are rich by inheritance and move in the best circles, so their scandal and street brawling stir society to its "deepest depths."

A DRAMATIC SCANDAL WAVE.

The Union Square Company Has a Matrimonial Shake-up All Around.

Oh, the POLICE GAZETTE isn't an authority on theatrical matters! No, no! And yet the saluts of the couillises are unmasking themselves all around in involuntary verification of our broadest remarks in regard to the free and easy interchange of wives and mistresses by those who hold their heads the highest on the stage.

The "tony" Union Square Company has lately got a rough raking over in this respect. First there was Charles Thorne in hot water with two wives—one in Boston, the other a Philadelphia. Then when this had been dragged out and made the most of in the courts, and the little glary-eyed Sphinx himself had suffered a scandal of his own, the honor of the "perish" was considered once more safe, and the company went off with flying colors to San Francisco with Mr. F. De Belleville to play the leading business instead of Thorne, who went on a special starring tour. With Mr. De Belleville went a lady whom he had introduced as his wife a year before, and to whom he was apparently much devoted. In Frisco, however, there was a row between them. The actor became jealous of Mr. Burt, the manager of the California theatre, and threw the lady off. She says he left her there without a cent, and only through the kindness of Mr. Burt was she enabled to reach Chicago a couple of weeks ago, where the Union Square Company was billed to play. There she registered herself at the Tremont House as Mrs. De Belleville, but he refused to pay her bill, and announced to the hotel proprietor that she was not his wife. The next day after he had thus repudiated her De Belleville was married to another woman—Miss Perdner, of the "Merry War" company, and took her to the theatre with him that night and introduced her to the company as his real wife, saying the other had borne only the relation of mistress to him. To a reporter the actor said in explanation regarding the woman he had cast off:

"It is rather a disgraceful thing to say, but she is not and never has been my wife. When I first saw her in Australia I took her up and for three years I sheltered her. I gave her my name and my salary. I have a right to marry if I choose, have I not?"

The members of the company were astounded when they were told that Mrs. De Belleville wasn't Mrs. De Belleville after all. Queer matrimonial ideas these actors have—now, haven't they? And wasn't the POLICE GAZETTE right in saying all along that it was difficult to keep up with the marital changes in the "perish?"

THE PARSON'S SON.

He Begins Seducing Girls at 13, is a Father at 18, and Now Refuses to Marry the "Beloved Sister."

Canada has a choice religious scandal, quite equal in fact to anything in the same line that we can do on this side of the border. This is the case of Marion Meek against Fred C. Laird, son of Rev. W. H. Laird, a Methodist preacher of Oshawa, Ontario. The young woman recently got a verdict of \$500 against her seducer. At the age of thirteen these young people were attending school together. Between that age and sixteen a series of immodest and filthy letters passed between them. The contents of the epistles would do credit to those laying claim to be proficient in indecency. Coming from young school children, they were wonderful productions. At the age of sixteen criminal intimacy began, and continued until they were eighteen, when the girl gave birth to a child. Laird's father had been aware of the conduct of his son, but seemed powerless to stop it.

After the child was born, the mother of Marion had a series of interviews with Rev. Laird, and she expressed the hope that his son would marry the girl. The father's answer in all these interviews was, that when his son finished his profession (he was at college studying for a doctor), if the young woman's conduct was becoming in the meantime, they could get married. It was insisted, however, by a portion of the public, that while Laird was making these promises to the mother and girl, he was really throwing every obstacle in the way of a marriage. One day before the trial young Laird, his father, the girl and her mother were in the parsonage, Marion's mother then and there proposed that the "children be married." Mr. Laird said that would be preposterous; he insisted on the young people waiting till Fred was of age. At the trial the young woman produced letters to show that Fred promised to marry her last June, and she stoutly alleges that he would have done so but for his father.

The reverend gentleman reviewed the whole case in the papers, and declares before God that he never put the slightest obstacle in the way of the marriage. He says that his son would never listen to him in the matter, and always answered: "It's none of your business." Public feeling is divided as to Mr. Laird's interference. Since the trial young Laird says that had the girl kept her own counsel he would have married her. Now he never will.

A DOCTOR TARRED AND FEATHERED.

Accused of Beastly Practices and Punished in Spite of His Denials.

On Oct. 25 the citizens of Grand Forks, Dakota, gave a very warm reception to Dr. Elliott, who arrived in their town from Almonte, Ontario, only a few days before. He was taken out of his bed in the "dead waste and middle of the night" and given a complete coat of tar and feathers to his intense disgust.

This is the explanation of the affair: On the evening of the 25th ult. several little girls from the public schools on going home told their mothers that a man had been hanging around the outhouses for two or three days and the morning before had made an indecent exposure of his person, accompanied by indecent proposals and gestures. Some of the girls reported to the teacher at the close of the school that there was a man in the yard acting disgracefully but the full meaning of the term had not been comprehended until the man was gone.

The police were notified but failed to find the man, an accurate description of whom was given by the girls. About 10 P. M. the fathers of the girls became alarmed as the stories were repeated and organized a vigilance committee of ten or twelve to hunt the man. Every possible clue was followed but it was not until 2 A. M. that he was found in room 17, Griggs House. The committee quietly compelled him to dress and immediately took him to the residence of A. S. Brooks, where he was identified by a twelve year old girl named Minnie Milne, who had been most positive in her assertions as to the man's conduct.

The prisoner had meanwhile stoutly denied all accusations and most earnestly protested his innocence. Notwithstanding this denial the committee asked the question, "What shall be done with him?" and for the purpose of extorting a confession took a rope and conveyed him to the railroad bridge, threatening to hang him there.

This expedient failed but some of the mob in justification of their conduct insist that just as the committee were about to abandon further proceedings the man admitted that he did call the girls to him and that he would not have done anything unless they were willing. He said he hoped by hanging about the outhouse to get the consent of some of them. This was sufficient for the committee and while begging for his life the prisoner was given the choice of hanging or tar and feathers. He naturally chose the latter and was taken to the rear of Bridge's drug store and at the muzzle of a revolver compelled to strip naked. A barrel of coal tar was then broken open and with a broom the victim was besmeared from head to foot, his eyes being protected by a bandage. A large lot of feathers was then artistically applied and the man turned loose.

When last seen he was near the railroad bridge, making an unsuccessful effort to get on an undershirt. The name of the victim is Dr. Andrew Elliott. He is about 35 years old, 5 ft. 10 in. in height and well dressed. Parties there know his father, who is a wealthy wool manufacturer of Almonte, Ont., employing hundreds of men, having a large and respectable family, except his son, who was discarded because given to drink and because he spent a large amount of money with which his father once sent him to Europe to transact business. He is said to be respectably married and of good education.

CROOKED CAFERS.

Scrapes and Scandals of all Sorts and from all Quarters.

Two church missionaries, Wm. F. John and John Williams, and their wives, are being tried at Sierra Leone in Africa for the wilful murder of a native girl by flogging and other ill treatment.

The Rev. W. S. Woodruff, of Baltimore, Md., has been sent to jail in default of \$1,000 bail to await trial on a charge of opening letters not addressed to him with the intent to obstruct correspondence and to pry into the secrets and business of another. Before July last he was an congregationalist and was for a long time editor of the Baltimore *Presbyterian*. Since July he has been preaching at the Emanuel reformed Episcopal church in Baltimore.

At Bloomfield, New Mexico, on the 30th ult., a Mexican shot and killed an American named Eugene Blumett. A crowd of Americans gathered, intent on lynching the murderer, who was defended by a hundred and fifty Mexicans. The sheriff finding himself powerless telegraphed to Gov. Sheldon, who sent a regiment of troops, but before they arrived the Americans had had their fight and the murderer had been captured and hanged and the mob had dispersed.

On the morning of Oct. 28 Col. Tom Buford, the slayer of Judge Elliott of Louisville, Ky., escaped from the Anchorage Lunatic Asylum and skipped across the river to Jeffersonville, Ind., where he defies the Kentucky authorities, there being no grounds on which to claim his extradition. He explains that he is not willing to remain in a lunatic asylum when he isn't insane. He adds that the authorities should have hanged or imprisoned him when he was found guilty and not try to lock him up for what he is not a madman.

SAMMY OF THE ENTRAILS BRANDED.

Judge Barrett Expresses a Very Bad Opinion of Him in Open Court.

Poor old Sammy of the Entrails is catching it all around. Now even the judges are going for him and exposing him in open court. It seems that Eugene Tompkins of the Boston Theatre while in London a year ago undertook to buy the English play, "Taken From Life," on the joint account of Colville and himself. Meantime sly Sammy working underhanded outbid his partner and got the play all to himself. Tompkins got an injunction lately to prevent old Entrails assuming to be sole owner of the play and insisted that the original partnership still held good.

After a hearing before Judge Barrett in New York on the 2d inst. the injunction was continued and the Judge thus delivered himself of an honest opinion of Sammy of the Entrails:

"These papers show as gross a case of fraud upon the defendant's part (meaning old Entrails) as has ever been brought to my attention. It is perfectly evident from the defendant's own letters and telegrams that at the very moment when the plaintiff, acting for himself and the defendant with the latter's full knowledge and concurrence, was claiming the author for \$1,300, the defendant secretly outbid him and secured the play for \$1,400. Subsequently when

asked for particulars he had the assurance to put forward his own crooked dealing as the basis of his individual claim. Of course when the author accepted the defendant's \$1,400 he declined the plaintiff's \$1,300 as too late. Too late because the plaintiff's associate in the joint adventure had given \$1,400, a fact which was concealed from the plaintiff by the author, Henry Pettit, as well as by the defendant. The deceived plaintiff, in total ignorance of what was going on, and with that entire loyalty to his associate which his part of the correspondence exhibits, telegraphed to the defendant the author's 'too late, has sold otherwise.' And it is to the latter telegram that the defendant with undisguised effrontery appeals when taxed by the plaintiff with duplicity. 'When your negotiations,' says the defendant, 'failed with Pettit any understanding regarding "Taken From Life" ended, vide your own telegram, Jan. 5. Those negotiations failed solely because of the defendant's underhand work and the plaintiff's 'own telegram' was simply the dupe's unconscious echo of the fact.'

Poor Sammy! Alas, he is being found out.

A NEGRO BRUTE LYNCHED.

The Citizens of a Dakota Town Hasten The Course of Justice With a Vengeance.

Our readers will remember the detailed report in these columns, in regard to a negro of Grand Forks, Dakota, named Charles Thurber, who went out for a ride in the country and committed rape on two women whom he met on the road. One was a young girl named Minnie Teska, aged 15, the other a young married woman named Mrs. Burbank, whom he knocked down and outraged while she had her baby in her arm. He was caught in the negro quarter of Grand Forks the next day, and was locked up in jail after confessing his crime. On the morning of October 24, a mob of two thousand citizens, a great proportion women, made an attack on the jail, beat in the doors with a battering ram and rushing in put a noose around the neck of the prisoner in his cell. Then a thousand persons pulled on the long rope which trailed away out into the street, and dragging the poor wretch after them ran down the road with him to the railroad bridge.

There they paused to allow Mr. Burbank, husband of the outraged woman, to adjust the noose, and then hanged him to the bridge, leaving enough slack in the rope to give him a drop of fifteen feet. When the victim had given his last kick, the assembled crowd took off their hats and brought the ceremonies to an end with three cheers and a tiger.

A FILTHY OLD CHAP.

He Marries a Young Girl and Leads His Bride Into a Den of Vice.

A beastly old man, a peddler named Wm. Meeks, aged 60, who has accumulated a snug little sum of money by trading among the farmers of Henry County, Ohio, induced a young girl named Cora Hull the daughter of a farmer, to marry him. He took her with him to Cincinnati, and after living with her a few weeks said he could not afford to support her any longer, and insisted that she should earn her own living. To this end he placed her in a house of prostitution where she remained for several weeks until her father, hearing of his daughter's disgrace, arrived in town and rescued her from her life of shame. The aged husband was arrested on Oct. 31, but no charge could be made against him. He coolly excused himself by saying that he found "he had no use for a young wife" and therefore threw her in the way of young men. Wasn't he a tough old nut?

THE COWBOYS SAT UPON.

Uncle Sam Takes the High Hand in Texas and Squeezes the Legislative "Toughs."

In San Antonio, Texas, on Oct. 23, James Carroll was convicted in the U. S. Court of manslaughter, in having shot Fritz Parley a month ago. Both were government employes, and the shooting occurred on the arsenal grounds. The United States authorities took the case after an ineffectual jury had exonerated Carroll on the ground of self-defense and proved that the evidence going to acquit him was perjured, involving a man and his wife who were friends of Carroll. The case excited great interest on account of the position assumed by United States Attorney Evans in claiming jurisdiction. The "toughs" of Texas are evidently astonished that Uncle Sam has such a firm grip when he takes a hand in their affairs. The cowboy Legislature has got one lesson and it is not the last. Uncle Sam has given them a rough set back, but just wait till the POLICE GAZETTE gets at them. Whew!

QUEEN OF THE LIGHTNING.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is a telegraph office at one of our New York hotels which is ranked next to a Castle Garden refreshment stand as a medium of profit. Yet a year ago it was the least patronized of any of the branch lightning shops. But then it was run by a person of the male gender. Now, as our artist shows, the situation is different. Customers travel blocks out of their way to invent messages of the most unnecessary character for an excuse to do what they may be seen doing in our picture. Who can blame them? Would not any reader of the GAZETTE do the same and leave the change as they do toward paying for the lightning queen's sealskin and solitaires? If he wouldn't he don't deserve to be a reader of the GAZETTE and had better throw up his subscription at once. We can get along without him and we certainly can do him no good.

CUPID'S LEGAL TACTICS.

The Naked Boy Undertakes Some Sharp Practice on Justice and Gets Left.

A romantic episode in a murder trial at Towson, Maryland. John Hopkins is on trial for his life. A man named Frames had heard a woman scream at a late hour at night, and had gone to her rescue. He found Hopkins and a friend struggling with a young woman named Mary Judge. A shot was fired and Frames was killed. The girl was held as a witness. On October 23, the day before the trial, a minister, the Rev. R. T. Smith, was sent for to marry the prosecuting witness and the prisoner, but he dropped to the game and refused to perform the ceremony, as it would have the effect of defeating the ends of justice, since the witness being made the wife of the accused could not in that event testify against him.



THE MASQUERADE OF DEATH.

HOW A WRECKER'S DAUGHTER AVENGED AN INSULT AND SET UP AS A RIVAL OF DR. MARY WALKER WITH THE PROCEEDS, AT CURRITUCK, N. C.



A DRUNKARD'S TRADE MARK.

AN ANGRY WIFE OF GONZALES, TEXAS, BRANDS HER INEBRIATE HUSBAND WITH THE NAME OF THE SALOON KEEPER WHO SOLD HIM HIS LIQUOR.



"WE WANT TO GET MARRIED."

A CHICAGO SIREN LEADS A PARSON'S DRUNKEN SON HOME AND DEMANDS THAT THE OLD MAN MARRY THEM TO RIGHT HER WRONGS.



A BATTLE WITH BANDITS.

THE MINDEN MURDERERS, RUN DOWN IN KANSAS, MAKE A SECOND DESPERATE AND BLOODY STAND SHIELDED BY THE CORPSES OF THEIR VICTIM.



FIGHT BETWEEN LYNCHERS AND KENTUCKY MILITIA.

A MOB ATTEMPTS TO CAPTURE TWO MURDERERS FROM THEIR SOLDIER GUARDS AT ASHLAND, KY., AND IN THE FIGHT TWENTY-ONE PERSONS ARE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

HORRORS ON HORRORS.

Battle at Ashland, Ky., Between Soldiers and a Mob.

The Lynchers Repulsed After a Desperate Fight in which Twenty Persons are Killed and Wounded.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The details of the Ashland, Ky., horror are familiar to the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE through our full description and elaborate illustrations. Our artists and correspondents have led the public through all the phases of this terrible affair—first the outrage and murder of Fannie Gibbons and Emma Carter, then the arrest of three men, William Neal, Ellis Craft and George Ellis, for the crime, and finally the confession of Ellis and his hanging by a mob.

We have now a terrible sequel to add to this already horrible affair. Some weeks since Neal and Craft were tried and convicted of the murder at Cattlesburg, Ky., but were granted a new trial by the supreme court. This incensed the people, who were eager to hang the men. On Oct. 30 the prisoners guarded by 220 state troops with a section of artillery arrived at Cattlesburg from Lexington, Ky., where they had been for safe keeping, to stand their second trial. The excitement ran so high in this place that Judge Brown granted a change of venue to Carter County. The mob got wind of this and determined to capture and hang the men en route.

The prisoners were to have been taken on the 31st ult. to Lexington on the Elizabethtown, Lexington and Big Sandy railroad to await their trial in February, but Major Allen in charge of the escort was advised that citizens would tear up the track and attempt to capture his prisoners. It was then decided to take them to Maysville by the steamer Mountain Boy but a fog arose and the boat could not get away. Then it was decided to put them on the Granite State as she passed down.

About 11:20 in the morning several hundred men took a locomotive and several cars at Ashland and proceeded to Cattlesburg. The authorities were apprised of their approach and the prisoners were taken at once to the boat where artillery was planted to command the grade. Two companies of troops were left in charge of the prisoners, two were stationed at the head of the grade and the others at different points, completely covering all avenues to the wharf. When the train arrived from Ashland a committee of five were sent to demand the prisoners of Major Allen, who said he would not surrender them while he had a man left.

The leading citizens succeeded by earnest persuasion in keeping the mob from precipitating themselves upon the military and a conflict was avoided for a time. After the Granite State left Cattlesburg with the prisoners and their escort the citizens boarded the train and returned to Ashland, arriving a few minutes ahead of the boat. They disembarked and about thirty or forty, mostly wild boys, boarded the ferry boat and started out to halt the Granite State, which had whistled to land but was hurrying by near the Ohio shore.

The ferryboat had reached mid-river as the Granite State passed her. The steamboat had disregarded the ferryboat's signal to land. About this time some one on the ferryboat fired a revolver and the military opened a murderous fire, piercing two steampipes and the boiler manhead. There was no further reply from the disabled ferryboat.

Almost the entire town had assembled on top of the river bank and in windows and balconies all along the river bank from motives of curiosity, having heard the prisoners were coming on the Granite State. The soldiers after punishing the ill-fated craft directed their fire into the crowd assembled on the bank, literally fulfilling Governor Blackburn's boast that they would kill every man, woman and child of Boyd county if necessary to defend the murderers. At the first fire of the soldiers the people on the bank began to hunt cover from the stray bullets, which move on their part seemed to draw the attention of the soldiers from the ferryboat to them with results that were most disastrous, for while there were only three persons wounded on the ferryboat the killed and wounded men, women and children on the bank and in houses were twenty-four in number.

Col. Reppart, who is numbered among the killed, was a highly respected citizen of seventy odd years, universally loved and a favorite of both old and young. He was father-in-law of Col. Douglass Putnam, Jr., superintendent of the Ashland coal and iron railroad and well known in Marletta circles.

Last year Gov. Blackburn and soldiers en route to the Yorktown celebration were tendered a reception by Col. and Mrs. Putnam. They little thought while dispensing their hospitality what sorrow those soldiers would bring to their household by the manifestation of Gov. Blackburn in his overzealous endeavors to protect criminals and murderers.

Mrs. Butler, who is among the wounded, was attending a meeting held by the leaders of the town for the purpose of organization in a public dining room donated for that purpose in the union depot, which is situated on the river front at least a quarter of a mile below the scene of the shooting. She is the wife of the auditor of the Chattanooga railroad.

The battle was for a few minutes pretty hot, but the steamboat rapidly got away and out of range. On the shore in front of the Aldine Hotel the fire of the troops was severe, the shots passing over the ferryboat and killing five spectators and wounding twenty-one others. Among these was a woman and an infant in arms, whose brains were dashed out by a stray shot. In the midst of the excitement a runaway team and wagon dashed into the struggling mass of citizens as they fled from the murderous bullets, altogether making a frightful scene.

The community is very much excited and threats are made to go to Lexington in force and execute vengeance upon the prisoners.

Among those reported killed are Col. Reppart, Geo. Kener, James McDonald and a child of Henry Dunlap. The wounded are Martin Dunlap, Alexander Harris, John Gallagher, Julius Sommers, Tom B. B. Charles Balingier, Wm. Sevey, Mrs. Bass, Willis Springer, A. H. Dixon, Mrs. Jack Sevey, Thomas Demarco, M. A. Ball, G. Randall, M. Grier, D. Gilles, D. Souther, Wm. Kountz, Robert Pritchard, Mrs. B. Butler, J. W. House.

No one on board the Granite State was killed, al-

though the smokestack and hurricane deck were riddled by bullets. The officer in command of the troops, Major Allen, on his arrival at Lexington, stated that orders were not given to fire until the boat containing the troops had sustained a hot volley. The command was then given for the troops to return the fire, which they did, and a quick and spirited conflict ensued for four or five minutes. Four or five soldiers were wounded, though none seriously. The fire of the troops was directed at the ferryboat containing the mob, not at the crowd collected on the bank, which was very large and apparently very enthusiastic in supporting the mob on the ferryboat. If persons standing on the bank were injured it was through carelessness in being so near to a lawless mob attacking State troops, and not because the troops fired at them. The ferryboat was soon silenced, and after the mob on her had ceased to fire not a single shot was fired by the troops. The commanding officer, while regretting that he was compelled to take such strong and deadly measures, feels that they were forced upon him, and that the responsibility for the unfortunate results rests entirely upon the men who attempted to take the law into their own hands. Many shots were fired before and during the conflict by persons on the opposite side of the river at short range, but it was by individuals and not by organized bodies, and their shots were not returned by the soldiers.

A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

Varied Scraps of News and Scandal from Divers Sources.

A FEMALE counterfeiter, Miss Lena Dilke, a young servant in a prominent family in Lincoln, Ill., was caught by the detectives on Oct. 26. She weakened at once and gave away a large gang with whom she was working.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 26, Thomas F. Talbot, a prominent citizen of Cheyenne, Wyoming, feeling home drunk and began beating his wife. Thereupon she seized his pistol and shot him dead.

At St. Louis, Mo., a prominent physician, Dr. J. S. Smith, was put on trial on Oct. 26, charged with having committed an abortion on a Miss Miller, a young servant girl, who appears as a witness against him.

The Grand Jury at Edwardsville, Ill., on the 28th ult., found an indictment against George White, a colored man, on the charge of murdering his housekeeper, Mrs. Annie Garrett, a young Irishwoman, last January. On the 20th of that month White's house caught fire, and after the firemen had extinguished the flames Mrs. Garrett was found lying dead on a bed with her throat cut. White was arrested and on a preliminary examination was discharged, but the Grand Jury have now found an indictment against him and the case will come to trial. It is supposed new evidence has been discovered.

The old story in duplicate in Princeton, Ill. On the 28th ult. two cases of girls who had loved not wisely but too well were settled in court to the disadvantage of the young men involved. The first was that of Effie A. Kirkland against Frank Blessing, living a few miles southwest of Princeton, and the second that of Minnie Stone, of Princeton, against Frank Morse, of Buda. The boys were required to give bonds of \$1,100 each to answer at the next term of the circuit court. The girls were not sixteen, but will be mothers before long.

Miss FLORENCE WILSON, a negro school-teacher, was at a colored ball in Covington, Ky., on the night of Oct. 26, and offended a dandy coon named James Shannon by refusing to dance with him and taking a rival nigger for a waltz. When the spellers finished the set, Shannon approached Miss Florence with the proposition to "kick her bloody head off," whereupon that gentle creature, instead of fainting, thrust her hand into her capacious bosom, drew out a big revolver and shot him dead. That's the kind of weaker vessel she was.

TWO WOMEN AND ONE PISTOL.

A Texas Wife Attempts to Murder the Woman Who Lured Her Husband to Death.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A startling episode stirred Dallas, Texas, on the night of Oct. 26. It was nothing less than a rencontre in the street between two ladies of high social standing, in which one attempted to kill the other after the regular Texas fashion. There is a scandal underlying the event, of course, and here it is:

Last December a young married man of Dallas, named A. Freeman, discovered that his wife was giving as many amorous privileges to another young married man named Robert Chambers as she accorded to her legitimate lord. Therefore he waited until he caught the couple "dead to rights" and then relentlessly shot Chambers to death without giving him a chance for his life.

Young Mrs. Chambers was frantic over this tragedy. She put all the blame on Mrs. Freeman, saying she had lured Robert to his death, and absolved his memory from all stain in the matter. She has openly threatened to get square with the woman who had thus brought her husband to the grave and blighted her life. After long watching she finally encountered Mrs. Freeman on the street in Dallas on the night of the 26th ult. Mrs. Chambers at once drew her revolver and opened fire on her enemy. Her furious rage, however, made the shots go wild. The other woman jumped into a hack and shrieked a command to the Jehu to drive off with her and thus she escaped uninjured. Mrs. Chambers was seized and disarmed but vows she will kill the Freeman woman yet.

THE WRECKER'S REVEL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A curious story comes from Curruck, N. that stronghold of the modern wreckers. A West India schooner went ashore there recently and all of her crew were lost but one, a young seaman, supposed to be from Machias, Me. He came ashore and the wreckers, while rifling the cargo, permitted him to go uncaught. He found shelter in one of the cabins inhabited by the coast men, and so ingratiated himself with them that they entertained him right royally. He joined in a revel over their plunder, and in his cups attempted some familiarities with the daughter of one of the wreckers. Quick as thought she plucked a broad knife in his heart and his body was soon stripped and his murderers invested in his earnings. He presided over the revel at which he was a ghastly audience of one. The affair was widely talked about in the district, but no authoritative cognizance taken of it, and only the letter of a traveller who heard of the tragedy makes it known to the world at large.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

Adventures of an Alleged Murderer in His Flight From the Officers of the Law.

Henry Schneider, now under arrest in St. Louis, charged with poisoning an old man named Krantz, gives a correspondent an interesting story of his adventures while he and his faithful wife were tramping about the country dodging the officers of the law, who were hunting him everywhere. After the poisoning he went with his wife to Hermann, Mo., where his mother refused to allow him to remain in her house when she read the accounts of the poisoning in the papers. She offered his wife a home, however, but she preferred to accompany her husband. He then decided to go to Union, Mo., where he intended to place his wife in charge of her relatives. He feared to go by railroad as he was certain of arrest by that and there was no alternative but to walk the whole distance. He urged his wife to leave him to make the go-as-you-please journey alone, but she insisted on accompanying him. They set out tramping 18 miles the first day and 21 miles the second. On the afternoon of the third day, when five miles from their destination, they found a sheriff's officer coming down the road after them at a rapid rate in a buggy. They turned down a lane and then took to the woods. His adventures from that point he details as follows:

After entering the woods for a distance of probably 100 yards, we sat down on the bundles that we had been carrying. The sheriff and his companion had been lost to sight for a while, being hidden behind a hill in the lane, but we had scarcely seated ourselves when we observed them running at full speed in the direction the buggy had taken, and directly away from us. The chase was getting too hot for us and we jumped a fence and entered a corn field. After failing to find us in the direction the buggy had taken the sheriff must have returned, for we could see and hear men making a diligent search all around us, but none of them entered the little two-acre corn field where we were hidden. It seemed to me that they might have easily seen us, as the crop of corn in which we were secreted was a very poor one, and was so low that we had to crawl on our hands and knees, dragging our bundles after us until we reached the center of the little patch.

"I momentarily expected to be discovered, but as it now commenced to grow dark, and what afterward proved to be a terrible storm was then approaching we began to feel more secure. I determined to remain where we were until it got sufficiently dark to venture out, thinking that as the storm was coming on the chase would be abandoned, as we believed that the sheriff would rather give up the hunt than get wet. We had not long to wait when the storm came on in all its fierceness. Rain poured down in volumes, the wind whistled fiercely through the corn, and the flashing of lightning and roaring of the thunder added terror to the scene. It seemed as though the storm with all its horrors had come for our special preservation. It was a fearful night—a night on which no man would turn even a dog out doors. The situation of myself and wife in the corn field can better be imagined than described. She seemed only to think of me, and while the storm was at its fiercest wanted to put her wraps around me. I insisted on her keeping them. We started in search of a place of shelter, hoping to find a straw stack or something of the kind that would afford us protection from the raging elements. It was then about 11 o'clock, and the night was so dark that we could see nothing before us. In our travels through the woods we ran against trees, and had it not been for occasional flashes of lightning we could not have traversed a mile during the whole night. We were lost in the woods and storm and wandered hither and thither, not knowing where we were going. At times we were running up against a fence, next we were striking against trees and embankments, then falling into ditches, and at times wading through water knee deep. Oh, the terrors of that night will never be forgotten. They will remain in my memory as long as I live. Through all this poor Annie clung to my side like a guardian angel, offering words of encouragement to bear me up through the dreadful journey.

"After wandering about without accomplishing anything for several hours, we came to a field where the corn had been chopped and placed in shocks. Gathering a lot of the shocks together we crawled under them. The storm had somewhat abated. My wife for the first time complained, and said she could travel no further. She urged me to continue my flight, if I was equal to it, saying she would remain till morning when she would probably be able to make her way to her home, which, she remarked, 'is certainly not far away.' Day was beginning to dawn. It was hard to part, but as we heard the signal horns around us, we supposed we must be near the outskirts of Union. This afterward proved true. We parted. I took a route that I supposed would lead me away from Union and to the railroad, which I wanted to reach."

He wound up another day's weary tramp by falling into the clutches of the officers of the law, and his sufferings had brought him to such a frame of mind that he was thankful for his arrest, since it ended the agony for the time.

A CONTRALTO'S CUSSEDNESS.

One of Emma Abbott's Prima Donnas Does a Morphine Sensation Scene in a Hotel.

The favorite contralto, Miss Annandale, who is a feature of the Emma Abbott opera troupe, made a sensation in the Palace Hotel, Cincinnati, lately, by indulging in what her friends characterize as a "remarkable freak." Mr. Briggs, the proprietor of the hotel where Miss Annandale was stopping, says that at 1 A. M. on the 26th of Oct. a gentleman—possibly Mr. Brooks, to whom the fair singer is reported to be engaged—came down stairs and asked that a physician be called, as Miss Annandale was ill. Dr. Whitaker was sent for. The doctor says he went to the lady's room and found her in a hysterical condition and very much excited.

A gentleman, probably Mr. Brooks, was present. He asked the lady what ailed her and she said she had taken some morphine pills. Her appearance led the physician to believe that it was merely a case of hysterics. He however said he would prescribe something to counteract the effect of the morphine. She replied that she would take nothing. The doctor then said he would give her something to quiet her and she again asserted that she would take no medicine of any kind. The gentleman present, who seemed greatly alarmed, told the doctor that he had gone to Miss Annandale's room and found her in a faint on the

floor. The doctor finding that his presence was not needed took his departure.

The contralto isn't dead yet and is singing as successfully as ever. The doctor, who is a man of the world, thinks the episode had its origin in a love dispute, and he is learned enough to decide, too, that the chemie distillations of Cupid are more powerful than the most deadly drops of the materia medica. At any rate, he says he is sure that it wasn't pills that was the matter with the contralto. Perhaps Mr. Brooks might tell, since he is supposed to have been the physician who took up the case where the regular doctor left off. Perhaps—but no matter.

A MCKEY'S WHITE MASH.

A Denver Darkey Elopes With His Boss' Daughter, a Fair Society Belle.

Talk about your society sensations. Denver has the daisy. It is nothing less than an elopement of a beautiful young society belle with a gigantic negro as black as the ace of spades named Noah Davis and a most hideous smoke withal.

Annie Robinson, the heroine of the romantic affair, is a pretty blonde, petite and of a most charming disposition. She is an only daughter and the idol of her father's heart. Her great beauty and wonderful vivacity and intelligence gained for her a prominent place in the society in which she moved and everybody who is acquainted with the facts of her elopement is grieved and saddened.

Mr. Robinson is a rather extensive stock grower living in the northwestern suburbs of the city in a pretty villa. His house and its surroundings are substantial and beautiful with every comfort to make them enjoyable. Mr. Robinson's family consists of his wife and daughter Annie. His business compels him to be absent in other parts of the state a good deal of the time and it was on this account that Mr. Robinson employed Davis, wishing to have a trustworthy man to protect his family in his absence. The negro had been living with him ever since he took up his residence in Denver nearly a year ago, and during all the time he has been so faithful that Mr. Robinson placed implicit confidence in him.

Davis' duties around the house constantly threw him in the way of pretty Miss Robinson and until his elopement the watchful parents had no reason to suspect the intimacy which really existed between the pair. Miss Robinson, who is about 18 years of age, returned about a year ago from a female college in the east. On her arrival in Denver she launched into society and was soon the recognized belle of the circles in which she moved. She had suitors without number and among them a certain young lawyer whose suit she seemed to favor most.

All went well at the Robinson home until the evening of the 23d ult., when the absence of the daughter of the household was first discovered. Miss Robinson had left her home in the afternoon to visit the residence of a friend and on parting with her mother bid her good-bye. The afternoon passed and the evening arrived. It was not until then that Mrs. Robinson began to feel anxious for her daughter. But consoling herself with the idea that the girl was enjoying herself she did not allow her anxiety to bother her much until 9 o'clock arrived and then the mother began to fear for her daughter's safety. She went out to summon Davis to go and accompany Miss Robinson home but the negro had also disappeared.

A search for him revealed the fact that he had left, taking with him everything that he had.

In the girl's room, however, was found the following letter which had been left by the girl:

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: Forgive me for what I am about to do but I love Noah and my duty compels me to take this step. Do not fear for me I am all right. Do not try to seek me out. My destiny is unknown to anybody but myself and Noah. When you read this I will be far away. Do not tell Frank of this as he will be grieved. Good bye, dearest father and mother.

She telegraphed to her husband and he returned home to start the hunt for his daughter and her negro "mash." Mr. Robinson believes that his daughter and Davis have for a long time kept up illicit intimacy.

HOW MARY GOT LEFT.

She Plays a Joke On Her Husband to Get Rid of Him, But It Will Not Work.

On October 31, Judge Barrett, in New York, granted a divorce to Edward A. Lauten, from his wife Mary Lauten. The defence was an alleged coyness in the wife's offence by the husband, and the following document was produced as proving his sanction:

MOUNT VERNON, June 5, 1891.

"I, Mary Lauten, of this place, heretofore wife of Edward A. Lauten, consent to be sold to F. Jansen for the consideration of \$1 legal money."

Upon the same paper was the following: "Received of F. Jansen \$1 consideration money, for which I transfer all my rights to said Mary Lauten.

EDWARD A. LAUTEN."

Judge Barrett says: "This pretended sale was plainly a very poor and stupid joke, to which the defendant and Jansen have sought to give life. It may have quieted what was left of their conscience, but it cannot deceive any one of common sense. Justice is not to be frustrated by such trifling." And that's the way Mary found her little joke turned against herself.

A SPORTING PARSON.

He Gives Himself Away by Appearing in the Pulpit in His Field Rig.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Philadelphia parsons are wild over the division of the theologues into the sporting and non-sporting factions. The religious press has begun thundering at the parsons who aspire to field championships either at lawn tennis or cricket. To add to the excitement, two Sundays ago a parson of a Philadelphia suburb who had been out trying a new horse for one of his sporting friends, taking all the fences and ditches on the way, and pausing to take several stirrup cups en route, found himself late for the service in his church. He hurried into the sacred edifice without thinking of his sporting rig and as he entered the assembly by his horsey manners and the jaunty air of worldliness with which he expounded the mysteries and glories of the future state.

There is war in that church, but the jolly parson has a good strong following, and there is no doubt he will hold his own. He will also command the support of the POLICE GAZETTE, for it is our province to encourage sporting men and tendencies, even in the pulpit.

THE PRIZE RING.

Another Great Boom Among the Big Guns of the Fistic Arena.

Tom Allen Arrives and is Backed by the "Police Gazette" to Meet the Champion, Sullivan.

The patrons of the prize ring will rejoice on learning that there is every indication of lively times among the fancy. Tom Allen, the ex-champion pugilist, the hero of many a hard fought battle, has returned to this country, and Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, in order to uphold the prize ring, which the POLICE GAZETTE during the past two years has raised out of the slough of despair, has decided to pit him against John L. Sullivan, the phenomenal pugilist of the Nineteenth Century. Sullivan's right hand man, Billy Madden, has left the champion to manage his own affairs, having had a dispute with him over business affairs.

On Oct. 28 Madden sailed for England to engage a heavy-weight to pit against his former favorite. In the meantime the champion will have to fight all comers or give up the title. Knowing this, the POLICE GAZETTE has decided to parade a champion to contend against Sullivan. Allen has come over expressly to see if the POLICE GAZETTE would herald him as its champion and restore him again to the high position he once held as champion pugilist of America. On Allen's arrival, Oct. 26, he made Patsy Sheppard's noted sporting house in Boston his headquarters. The English pugilist stated that he had come to this country ready to fight any man in the world. Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, who had backed Paddy Ryan to fight John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, and matched Tug Wilson to fight James Elliott for the championship and \$5,000 and had to pay forfeit because Tug Wilson showed the white feather, intends to match Allen to fight any comer. Mr. Fox on Oct. 30 sent a certified check of \$1,000 to Harry Hill and issued the following challenge:

OCTOBER 30, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the New York Herald:

DEAR SIR: As you are probably aware Tom Allen, the ex-champion pugilist of America, has arrived from England, having come for the express purpose of meeting any pugilist in the world in the prize ring to once more fight for the championship of the world. Allen returned to this country at my request and I have decided to once more give him the opportunity of winning the championship of America, which title he won several times prior to his defeat by Joe Goss in Kentucky in 1876. To prove that I am in earnest as usual, you will please publish in the columns of the Herald, that I will match Tom Allen to fight any man in America, John L. Sullivan, the champion, preferred, according to the rules of the London prize ring, for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side and the championship of the world; the fight to take place three months from signing articles, within 100 miles of New Orleans, La. I have deposited \$1,000 forfeit with Harry Hill, who will suit me for final stakeholder, and I hope Sullivan or some other of the pugilists ambitious to fight for the championship, will cover the money and appoint a time to meet at the POLICE GAZETTE office and sign articles.

RICHARD K. FOX.

Sullivan will have to meet Allen and accept the challenge the POLICE GAZETTE has boldly sent forth, backed up as usual with \$1,000 forfeit, or the public will look upon him as only a champion in name. Allen is eager to fight. He acknowledges Sullivan to be a wonderful pugilist, but he is very anxious to meet the champion, and it will be no fault of the POLICE GAZETTE if this important match is not arranged. Should Sullivan refuse to fight Allen then the ex-champion will fight Paddy Ryan, Jimmy Elliott, George Rooke or any man in the world.

Allen appears to be enjoying capital health, and says he can fight just as well as ever. The following is a record of the battles Tom has been engaged in:

He was born in Birmingham, England, April, 1840. He stands 5 feet 9½ inches in height, and weighs 200 pounds untrained, and in condition brings down the beam at 175. Allen's first fight was with Waggoner, of Birmingham, for \$5 a side, in the autumn of 1861, which Waggoner won. His match with young Gould also contributed a second victory some six months after, for \$20. Posh Price whipped him in 55 minutes, July, 1862. His next engagement was with Bingley Rose, of Nottingham, for \$25 a side, whom he forced to succumb in 29 minutes, 10 rounds. This was in January, 1864. Some six months later he fought Bob Smith, the Liverpool Black, who whipped Allen in 2 hours and 15 minutes. He then fought Jack Parkinson, whom he "cut into ribbons" in 20 minutes for \$25 a side. A rankling spirit of revenge toward the veteran Posh Price then brought about a second meeting for \$25 a side, on which occasion Allen had decidedly the better of the fight, and Price causing his own apprehension, the stakes were awarded to Allen. They fought 41 rounds, 2 hours and 5 minutes, in November, 1865. On June 12, 1866, Allen defeated George Iles. His next fight was with Joe Goss for \$100 a side, at catch weight, in Monmouthshire, on March 5, 1867, when, after a desperate battle of 1 hour and 52 minutes, as neither man was able to put on the finishing touch from exhaustion, the battle was declared a draw. He received forfeits of £50 from Bill Thorne, Peter Millard and Mike Cocklin.

Allen came to this country in July, 1867, in company with Peter Morris, England's feather weight champion, and Bill Ryall. His first participation in ring affairs in this country was in the prize fight between Tommy Kelly, of St. John's, N. B., then residing at Baltimore, Md., and Billy Parkinson, of Pottsville, Pa. The pugilists met at Acquia Creek, Va., to fight for \$2,000. Billy McLean, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Tom Allen seconded Kelly, and Billy Edwards of New York seconded Parkinson.

Allen's first battle in America was with Bill Davis at Chateau Island, St. Louis, Jan. 12, 1869. Allen won in 43 rounds. Charley Gallagher, of Cleveland, then challenged Allen, and the pugilists fought on Feb. 23, 1869, at Carroll Island, near St. Louis, Mo. The battle terminated in Gallagher's favor through a tremendous blow on the jugular which laid Allen senseless after they had been at it but three minutes and had contested two rounds, marked by hard, rapid fighting.

Allen and Mike McCool, of St. Louis, then signed articles to fight within fifty miles of St. Louis for \$1,000

a side and the excursion money. The fight took place on Foster's Island, in the Mississippi, on July 15, 1869. After the fight began Allen out-fought McCool at all points, punishing him until his face presented the appearance of a butcher's block and was battered to twice its natural size. After nine rounds had been fought McCool was whipped. The McCool party then cut the ropes and the excited mass covered the fighting ground. Clubs were wielded promiscuously, while the referee was beset by enraged men, armed with murderous weapons, who savagely and threateningly demanded a decision in favor of the poor bleeding, almost powerless mass of humanity who had been made a chopping block for Allen.

Charley Gallagher, who had defeated Allen, then challenged him. A match was made, and the pugilists fought at Foster's Island, near St. Louis, August 17, 1869. Allen won the fight and whipped Gallagher in eleven rounds lasting 22 minutes, but the crowd interfered and Larry Wessel declared Gallagher the winner, and Allen was robbed of a well earned victory.

Allen then made another match with McCool for \$2,000 to fight on November 10, 1870, but McCool weakened and the match fell through.

In the meantime Jim Mace had arrived in America with his cousin, Pooley Mace, and his backer, Fred Abrahams. Mace claimed that he did not come here to fight, but a boasting challenge issued by Tom Allen in St. Louis that he could whip any man in the world, put Mace on his mettle. Mace and Allen finally ratified a match to fight for \$5,000 and the championship of the world. The great battle was fought at Kennerly, near New Orleans, La., May 10, 1870. Mace was seconded by Jim Cusick, who seconded Heenan in his great fight with Sayers in England, and Jerry Donovan, of Chicago (brother of Mike Donovan), a famous pugilist and rough-and-tumble fighter. Allen had the services of the famous Sherman Thurston, the noted western sporting man who never knew fear, and Joe Coburn, the late ex-champion. John C. Heenan the hero of the great international fight with the gallant Tom Sayers at Farnborough, England, was umpire for Mace, while the notorious Dan Ryan, pugilist and sport of Cleveland, was umpire for Allen. Albert Smith, of Chicago, the most pronounced sporting man in the United States, was the referee. Sporting men from all parts of the country congregated to witness the mill. The battle was a scientific, short and desperate one. Allen had displayed great science, pluck and endurance in his battles with Davis, Gallagher and McCool; but in front of Mace, probably the cleverest pugilist and general that ever stepped in a ring, he was lost. Ten rounds were fought. Mace won first blood and the fight in 40 minutes. Allen gained first knock-down.

Allen, after his defeat, challenged Joe Coburn, but the latter declined to fight. Finally Mike McCool, who Allen had conquered on Foster Island in 1869, challenged Allen to fight again for \$2,000. The fight took place at Chateau Island, St. Louis, Sept. 23, 1873. Arthur Chambers and Patsy Sheppard seconded Allen. Allen made short work of McCool. He battered his face in such a terrible manner and punished him so brutally that the spectators and even Allen himself begged of McCool's seconds to take him away. McCool refused to give in, and after 29 rounds had been fought in 20 minutes Allen was declared winner of the championship.

Tom Allen was then matched to fight Ben Hogan (now the reformed preacher pugilist) for \$2,000. After a fizzle at St. Louis by the authorities stopping the Continental, the steamer which was to carry the pugilists to the battle-ground, a fresh match was made and Allen won.

Allen's last fight in America was with the famous Joe Goss for the championship of America and \$2,000. The fight took place in Kentucky in 1876. The pugilists fought in two rings, the first being erected in Kent and the second in Boone county. Twenty-one rounds were fought in 53 minutes, when Goss was declared the winner by a foul. Allen was arrested and put under bonds, and then ran away to England. While in England he fought Jim Stewart, the Scotch giant, Davis and Tompkins.

The sports of Pueblo, Col., were somewhat excited over the glove fight between Billy Lynn of Northampton, Mass., and Bryan Campbell, who fought for \$500 with soft gloves on the Standard theatre stage at Pueblo, Col., on Oct. 23. Johnny Farrell, a noted sportsman of Pueblo, was referee and Jack McGrath, well known in Colorado, was referee.

Lynn holds the title of champion pugilist of Nevada and has fought several battles in the arena. Bryan Campbell's picture and record recently appeared in the POLICE GAZETTE and he is well known to the fancy. The mill created quite a breeze among sporting circles and a large crowd assembled to see the best man win. Morris Tracey, of Boston, Mass., who some time ago wrestled Michael Donahue, the POLICE GAZETTE light-weight champion, seconded Campbell, while Jerry Mahoney, the well known pugilist, attended on Lynn.

Campbell, who had probably ten pounds the advantage of his adversary, showed great confidence in the weight from the start. He crowded Lynn into the corner after getting in some hard blows and Lynn fell to avoid punishment. The first round consumed two minutes and was probably the longest of the set-to.

On the second round Lynn's scientific left hand began to show itself and he got in some bruises that made the Colorado champion grunt, but the latter again crowded him to a corner, when "break" was yelled.

On the fourth round the men clinched and Campbell was awarded the knockdown. Sixth round first blood for Campbell but in the seventh Lynn did some good work and knocked Campbell down with a vigor that won great confidence for himself, while Campbell took the cue and showed up on the eighth smiling but exceedingly shy of Lynn's left.

Campbell's caution caused him to strike a terrible wild blow which Lynn avoided nicely by dropping down upon his knees. Campbell knocked down his antagonist in the ninth round and again in the eleventh round. In the twelfth round Lynn threw Campbell and repeated it beautifully in the next round. The fourteenth round was uninteresting, but the fifteenth and last round brought the audience to its feet while Campbell got in some hard knocks and kept them up after Lynn had fallen to his knees, thus losing the fight on the referee's decision of foul.

The excitement was intense at this moment. Cries of "foul" and "injustice" came from every quarter of the house. Lynn rushed across the stage to shake hands with Campbell but the latter sprang to the ropes and declared the decision unjust and for a while things were a serious aspect. The referee stated however that he was there to see a square deal and had decided according to his best judgment. So quiet

was soon restored and the crowd dispersed, the majority being well satisfied with the sport.

The men are pretty evenly balanced. Campbell has the advantage in weight, strength and self confidence but Lynn is certainly able to cope with him. He is as quick as a cat and has fine action. The fight lasted 37 minutes.

On another page we publish a portrait of Lynn. He was born in Northampton, Mass., in 1854. He gave the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent the following history of his battles:

"In 1859 I went to Ireland and I remained there up to 1866, when I returned to this country and made Nevada my home. In Oct., 1875, I made my debut in the prize ring and fought Billy Harris and defeated him. In Oct., 1875, I was matched to fight Alec Nixon, of Ruby Hill. The latter's backer played the stakes at faro and the fight fell through.

"In December, 1875, I was matched to fight Charley Neary of Nevada. Twenty-three rounds were fought in 30 minutes when I was declared the winner. I was then matched to fight Bill Andrews of San Francisco, Cal.

"We fought 35 rounds in an hour but the referee declared it a draw. Oct. 25, 1878, I whipped Matt Schews there at five rounds in 20 minutes. I then went to San Francisco and met Mike Donovan, middle-weight champion of America. Donovan made a match for me to fight Jack Hallahan of Virginia City and the fight took place Jan. 23, 1879.

"I whipped my opponent on the seventh round and got it into my head that I would show him what I cared about his hard hitting—he had a reputation in that line—and on the eighth round I gave my head to Hallahan and at the end of the 19th round I was stone blind and lost the fight by my foolishness.

"On the 21st of June, 79, I challenged Hallahan or Harry Maynard of San Francisco to fight me for from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a side, but it was not taken. I then went to Utah and was shortly afterward matched with Harry Thompson of Kingston, N. Y., then of Ogden. After putting up a forfeit of \$20 a side Thompson met me in Salt Lake and backed out. I then went to work in the Great Basin mine, Stockton, Utah, where subsequently I was blown up, one-half keg of powder exploding under me, burning my left hand and the left side of my face and laying me up in the Slaters' Hospital at Salt Lake for five weeks.

"Upon my recovery I struck out for Colorado and I fell in with Professor Frank Mason of St. Louis on March 11, 1880, at Denver. He made a match for me to fight Jack Smith of Pittsburgh, Pa., with small gloves for \$300 a side on the 4th of April. I was in the act of going into the ring when Sheriff Spangler caught hold of me and it afterwards turned out that the Smith party had put up this job to have the fight stopped. I then told Smith's friends to get a set of gloves and we would have a set to and see who could box. Finally this was agreed upon and I let Smith have the best of it in hopes of a match following for big money but Smith's backers failed to stand by him.

"I then went to Bassickville and a year later went to Hot Springs, Arkansas. Christmas I spent in Chicago and that winter fought Jim Burns there. On April 3d last I fought at Atchison, Kansas, with Jim Thomas of Galena, Ill., which grew out of an argument which we had on the train as to the merits of Sullivan and Ryan. We stopped at Atchison and I did him up in six rounds in 13 minutes. I returned to Bassickville and my next fight was at Silver Cliff with Joe Silvers. We fought four rounds in thirty-five minutes and I knocked him out for \$100 a side according to the new rules of the London prize ring."

The long talked of glove fight between Denny June, better known at San Francisco as "Hogan's Black," and Joe Oliver, a colored pugilist who is a cook on board of a British steamer, was decided in the presence of a large crowd of first-class sporting men in the gymnasium of Patsy Hogan, the noted San Francisco sporting man, adjoining his sporting house, on Oct. 16. The men had agreed to fight according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules for a purse and the colored championship of the Pacific Slove. The proposed meeting between the rival colored gladiators had been for some time the topic of conversation in sporting circles and the fight aroused considerable interest. The wealth, patriotism, brains and virtue of the Pacific and the Board of Brokers visited Hogan's well regulated sporting house to witness the mill. Oliver had a great reputation, and he was booked as a sure winner. Patsy Hogan was referee, and he quickly had the pugilists made ready for the mill. A finer specimen of a man never entered a ring than June appeared to be when he showed up. His shoulders and arms were a mass of muscle which, owing to his fine condition, stood out from the flesh clearly and well cut.

Oliver was a trifle the taller of the pair and the slighter built, but he had a pair of arms that might have belonged to the Farnese Hercules. He was a trifle too much in flesh and rather pinched in the loins, but he was far above an ordinary man in build, and looked calm and confident.

All being ready the colored gladiators were stripped and the fight began. In the first round June was the first to lead, landing his left rather short on Oliver's ribs and catching a smart return. A rally ensued in which the hitting was very heavy, but no blood showed, and the color of the men's skins made it hard to detect bruises. The round was much in favor of June, who showed far more science than his opponent, and punished him terribly.

In the second round the fighting was desperate, and the pugilists hammered away like blacksmiths. Oliver stopped June's lead very neatly and planted his left under June's eye to good advantage. A smart rally, in which Oliver caught a fearful blow in the stomach, finished the round.

The third round was one of the hardest in the battle. After a little sparring the men went in for hitting and kept up that sport without any attempt at evasion for full fifty seconds. June cunningly slipped under Oliver's arm, and coming around quickly, gave that unfortunate black a blow in the neck which staggered him, and then rushed in and threw him against the middle stake of the ring with great force.

In the fourth round considerable sparring was indulged in but little punishment inflicted, but in the fifth, sixth and seventh rounds the men warmed up to the work before them to such a degree that the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Blows and counter-blows, rallies, and all the tactics of the prize ring were freely indulged in, Oliver being knocked down three times in succession in the latter round, and showing signs of great distress. Five more rounds were fought. June had the best of the fighting from the seventh round and won easily in fifty-eight minutes. The fight was as hard and gamely contested as any battle seen in San Francisco for many years, and reflects great credit on the colored race.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Prominent sporting men throughout the United States who desire to have their portraits published in the POLICE GAZETTE, will oblige us by at once forwarding their photos with full biographical particulars to

RICHARD K. FOX,

Proprietor POLICE GAZETTE, New York.

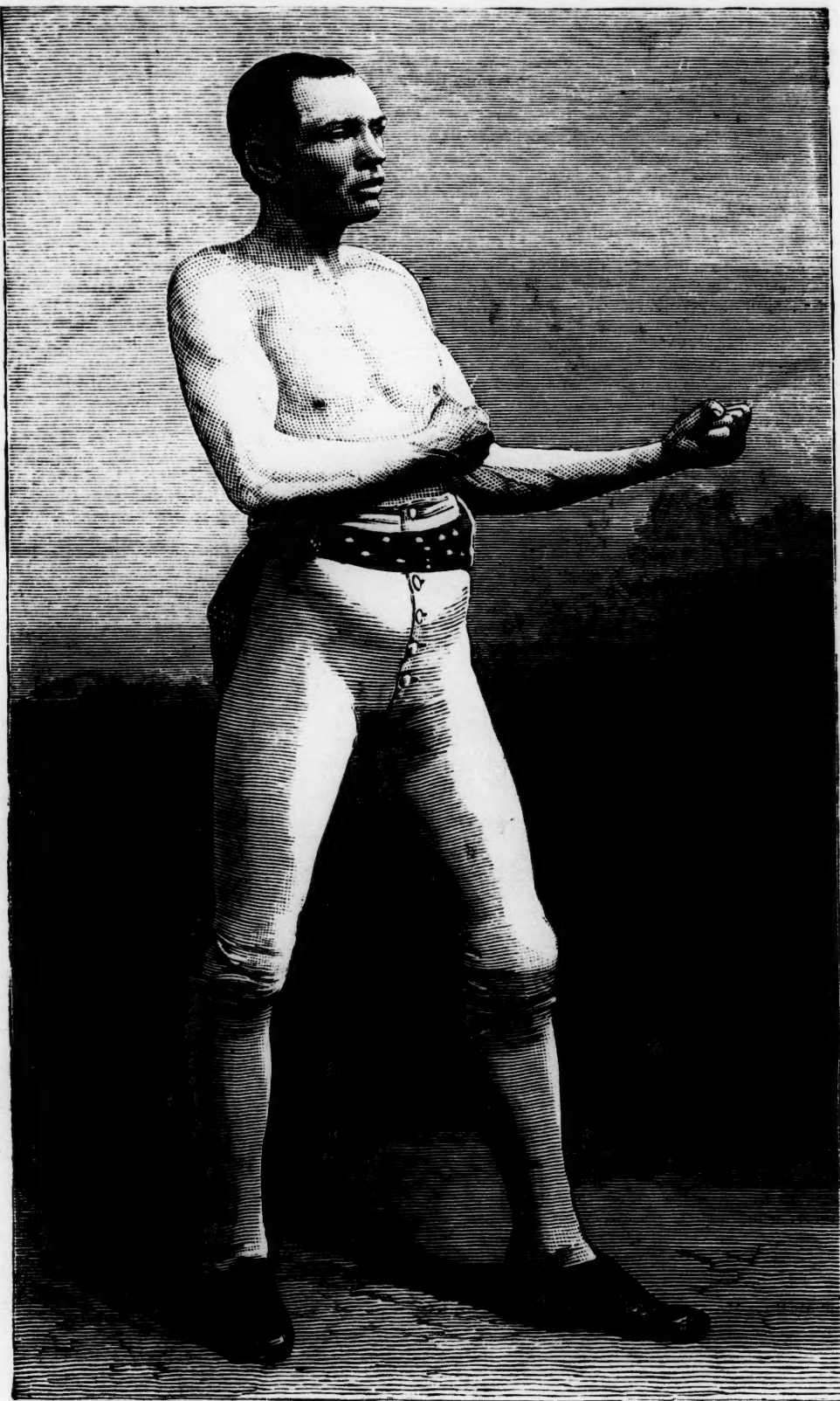
- J. E., Chicago, Ill.—Yes.
J. J. L., Albany, N. Y.—Yes.
H. G., Cleveland, Ohio.—Yes.
G. A. S., East Syracuse, N. Y.—No.
H. M., Troy, N. Y.—Certainly A. wins.
A SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia, Pa.—180lbs.
A. A. C., Lancaster, Pa.—Send on picture.
J. F. F., Jefferson Parish.—1. No. 2. No.
SHORT STOP, Peoria, Ill.—We intend to publish such a book.
W. M., Chicago, Ill.—We will use picture when opportunity offers.
J. F. C., Winchester, Ohio.—No, we have not published such a book.
A SPORTSMAN.—1. Yes 2. Sussex county. N. J., on the line of the D. L. R. R.
H. A. W., Baltimore, Md.—There is no report kept of mutual pool premiums.
A CONSTANT READER, Windsor Locks.—There is no reliable record of such affairs.
J. D., Hamistique.—1. He is not the party you refer to. 2. 14 Bedford st., N. Y.
FOWL FANCIER, Rumford, R. I.—Send \$1.50 and we can send you a game fowl book.
M. P., Algonac, Mich.—Weston's score when he won the Astley belt in England was 550m.
J. E. L., Waltham, Mass.—The old Bowery theatre, now called the Thalia, is the largest.
R. F. S., Mannheim, Ill.—It was optional with the pugilists what gloves were to be used.
B. C., New York.—1. Ten Brock has made the fastest time for running one mile. 2. 1:30½.
E. C., Trenton, N. J.—You will have to write to Clarence Whistler for the information.
G. C., Manhattan, Pa.—We do not endorse any firms. You must send your money at your own risk.
F. C. R., Battle Creek, Mich.—Forward \$1 and we will send you a book which contains all the rules.
J. F., East Stroudsburg, Pa.—L. Bennett (Deerfoot) ran ten miles in 51m. 20s at London, Eng., April 3, 1883.
POOL, N. Y.—Send for our "Betting Man's Guide," price 15 cents. It will explain all about mutua. pools.
J. E., Ontario, Col.—Again we must state that neither Donnelly nor Cooper held the championship of England.
H., South Ryegate, Vt.—The six-day race, men against horses, in San Francisco, Cal., was won by Pinatore.
A SUBSCRIBER, Fort Townsend, Nashville, Tenn.—1. Yes. 2. Barney Aaron was defeated by Sam Collyer and beat Sam Collyer.
E. D., Newark, N. J.—Hyde's American team were defeated by Sir Henry Hallford's British team at Wimbledon, Eng., July 24, 1880.
W. H. G., Minneapolis, Minn.—1. Do not know their correct ages. 2. Send for the "Life of Jesse James," published by the POLICE GAZETTE.
SPARTAN, Newark, N. J.—Spectators were not ejected from Madison Square Garden every day after paying for admission. 2. No. 1 wins. 3. 100s.
H., Du Bois, Pa.—Maud S. made the fastest mile on record, 2:10¼, in harness accompanied by a running mate, at Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1881. 2. No.
R. S. P., Fort Pendleton, Md.—1. Jem Mace was born in Norwich, Eng. 2. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, can fight at 160lbs. and be in first-class condition.
D. E. T., Nyersville, Ind.—1. Sir Roger Tichborne's claimant was a native of England. 2. His right name was Arthur Orton. 3. He now lies in Dartmoor prison.
H. M., Boston, Mass.—1. No. The Græco-Roman match between Clarence Whistler and Prof. Bauer was decided at Boston on Feb. 19. Whistler won in 15 minutes.
A. B., Jackson, Mich.—1. Send for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring." 2. Tom Sayers was never in this country. 3. Yes 4. Tom Sayers died Nov. 8, 1865.
W. M., Paterson, N. J.—Charles Rowell won the Astley belt at New York March, 1879, and Sept., 1879, at London, Eng., Nov., 1880, and at London, Eng., June, 1881. He won it three times in succession.
J. E. F., Kokomo, Ind.—H. Pennock in a match with Rudolph Schack at Malre's gymnasium, N. Y., Dec. 11, 1870, elevated a ten pound dumb bell 3,431 times in 4h. 34m. 2. No record of such a feat being performed with a 14lb. bell.
EN. REV. 58 S. street, New York.—Interlacing of fingers is not considered fair in side hold wrestling according to the original rules. The men should have a ring large enough to admit the hand, and the man breaking his hold to forfeit a fall.
H. W. L., Lawrence, Mass.—Wm. Vaughn came in second to O'Leary in the initial contest for the belt now held by Rowell, in London, March 18-23, 1878, with a record of 500m. 220yds. in 13h. 35m. and 40s., O'Leary doing 520m. 440yds. in 13h. 6m. 10s.
G. W., Rochester, N. Y.—The fastest time ever made in the Dixie's that of Monitor, 3:34½, made in 1879. The most valuable Dixie was won by Preckness in 1870, in 3:47. The event was then called the Dinner Party Stakes, and the value was \$18,500.
M. S., Bordentown, N. J.—Heenan fought Morrissey Oct. 20, 1877, at Long Point, Canada, for \$2,000 and the championship. Morrissey won in 11 rounds lasting 21 minutes. Heenan injured his hand early in the fight against one of the stakes of the ring and had no chance to win after the accident. 2. Aaron Jones and Mike McCool fought for \$2,000 at Busenbark Station, Ohio. McCool won, knocking Jones out of time in the 30th round. The fight lasted 25m. 3. Mace and Allen fought for the championship and \$5,000 at Kennerly, New Orleans, on May 10, 1870. Mace won in 10 rounds in 44m.

"Polly" Feakes.

This popular jockey was born in Newmarket, Eng., and took his first lessons in horsemanship at that racing centre under the tutorship of Matthew Dawson. He came to this country to ride for Mr. M. H. Sanford, and his "dark blue" jacket was often seen to the fore when that gentleman was actively engaged in racing. Feakes has ridden for Mr. Pierre Lorillard for the past two seasons and will probably continue to wear the "cherry with black stripes" during the coming season. Feakes' seat is a model of neatness and elegance; he is possessed of great judgment and knowledge of pace and takes rank among the very best of our jockeys. His winning mounts have been many and famous. Sly Dance, Parole, Gabriel, Bay Final, Fiddlesticks, Bestrain, Patience and many others. He rode the celebrated California race mare, Mollie McCarthy, in the race for the Garden City Cup at the Chicago meeting, winning from a large and strong field in fine style. Last season Feakes generally rode Parole in his races and as he seems to more thoroughly understand "the old gelding" than any one who has ever ridden him, the pair will often catch the judges' eye first during the coming season.

William Barrett.

This popular jockey began his turf career in the "cherry and black" colors of Mr. P. Lorillard when that gentleman's horses were trained by the late William Brown. "Billy" Barrett, as he is generally called, made a downright sensation in the commencement of his career as a lightweight rider, and at Saratoga meeting in 1877 seemed almost invincible, riding winner after winner in such rapid succession that his admirers christened him the "American Archer." His most sensational race was at Baltimore Fall Meeting, 1877, when he rode the popular Parole

**BILLY LYNN,**

THE COLORADO FUGILIST.

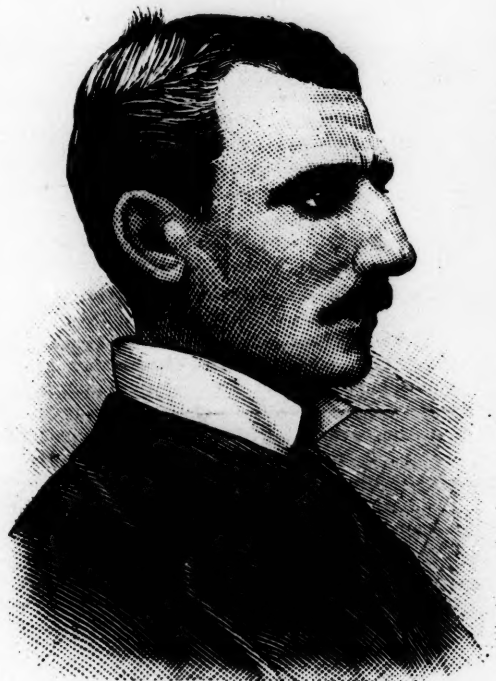
against Ten Broeck and Tom Ochiltree, winning with ease. We have never seen such a demonstration extended to a rider in this country as greeted him on his return to weigh in. Billy has ridden many brilliant races in his time, notably in the Withers Stakes of 1881, when rid-

ing Ferneliffe he caught Hughes napping on Grenada and beat him just on the post by a very short head. In speaking of Billy's connection with Parole, with whose success in America he is always identified, it is worthy of note that Mr. Lorillard had Billy ride him in his first race in

this country after his return from his victorious English career. The race took place at Jerome Park Fall Meeting, 1880, and Parole and Billy won against Ripple and McLaughlin. Billy has ridden many good horses during his career notably Parole, Too Too, Susquehanna, Mineola, Bombast, Bazil, Pique, Bushwhacker, Cardinal Wolsey and many others. Last year Billy was on the retired list owing to continued ill health but the coming season will find him again in the saddle and as he states his ability to ride at 110 pounds his services will doubtless be greatly in demand.

Morrill Higbie.

The gentleman who is the subject of this sketch has been driving horses for the past 18 years. The first animal of any prominence he campaigned was the noted mare Flora Belle, 2:23½, and in the days of her career that was a rattling winning clip. She won a good deal of money and sold for a long price. After that he brought out the prince of dandies, Little Fred, 2:20. That horse was known the length and breadth of the land. As one of the most astute horsemen of the age remarked he was "a veritable dancing master and Higbie could pick him up and set him down in any spot." He was the best breaker and catcher that ever struck a track and Higbie handled him like a general. The celebrated stallion Governor Sprague was made all he is in the hands of Higbie, who gave him his record of 2:20½. He gave Col. Dawes a mark of 2:24½. He is now driving Monarch Rule 2:24½, also the fast green stallion Dan Mace. Any horse he has will bear watching for he knows just how fast they can show in a race before he starts them. Mr. Higbie has the reputation of making trotters where others have failed, consequently his stables are always full. He is a skillful, nerry driver, and no man can out general him in a race.

**"POLLY" FEAKES,**

THE FAMOUS ENGLISH JOCKEY.

**WILLIAM BARRETT,**

THE NOTED AMERICAN JOCKEY.

**MORRILL HIGBIE,**

NOTED JOCKEY AND TRAINER OF SOME OF THE BEST TROTTERS IN THE COUNTRY.

**WILLIAM H. BORST,**

THE WELL KNOWN NEW YORK SPORTING MAN, LATELY DECEASED.

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.



TAFKY ON A STICK.

A BOLD CANDY MAN UNDERTAKES TO INTRODUCE A NEW FASHION IN CONFECTIONERY IN A MONTANA MINING TOWN, AND THE BOYS HAVE SOME FUN WITH HIM.

A Bandit Entrapped.

The man John Richmond, whose portrait we give in this issue, was the leader in a most daring and successful robbery, and by his capture on Oct. 28 two St. Louis detectives have gained a reward of \$1,000. The largest store in the village of New Malley, Mo., is that kept by Mrs. N. G. Meyer and like all country stores its stock comprises a little of every thing. On Saturday, September 30, about 9 o'clock in the evening, two men entered the store and addressing the clerk, Burkmeier, who was alone, said they wanted some medicine. He stepped towards that part of the store in which patent medicines are kept, and when he turned around he was confronted with two revolvers pointing directly at his head. He was told in gruff tones to throw up his hands, which request he promptly complied with. One of the robbers then volunteered the interesting information that if he (the clerk) moved or said a word the top of his head would be shot off. The twain then produced a rope and a gag. The

man's hands and legs were securely bound, and he was dragged to the safe, which was situated in one corner of the room. His hands were then unbound, a revolver placed behind his ear, and he was gently informed that if he did not open the safe inside of two minutes the coroner of the county would have a subject for an inquest in the morning. The muzzle of the revolver was then pressed against his head and the persuasion was such that he could not resist. The weapon was lowered and the safe unlocked. The robbers again bound him, and to prevent further noise a gag was thrust into the unfortunate man's mouth. The pair then raided the safe, securing \$250 and some articles of jewelry. They scattered the remaining contents of the strong box all over the floor, and next proceeded to take what articles in the store that pleased their fancy.

The robbers then retreated and made good their escape. They were tracked to St. Louis by Detectives Desmond and Gardner, who succeeded in arresting one of them, named Theodore Schlottman. The other, John Richmond, had gone to Dakota, and in a week or two wrote a letter from Tyndall in that territory to his accomplice, giving him his address. The detectives wrote a letter in reply in Schlottman's name inviting him to join him in St. Louis, as the coast was clear. Richmond came on as invited and went direct to Detective Desmond's residence, where he expected to meet his pal, but where he found himself in the lion's den indeed. He was much chafed on realizing the trick that had been played on him.

A CLUMSY attempt was made on the night of the 26th ult. to rob the passengers of a Grand Trunk train at Windsor, a station just opposite Detroit, Mich. The road agents were not up to the style of the western train robbers and the passengers rising en masse against them worsted the mob, who fled.



MRS. MARTHA E. JORDAN,

THE PHILADELPHIA WOMAN WHO WAS LOVED TOO MUCH, AND WHO KICKED.

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JOHN RICHMOND,

A MISSOURI BANDIT, CAPTURED BY A NEAT TRICK OF ST. LOUIS DETECTIVES.

Loved Too Much.

We present in this issue of the

POLICE GAZETTE an accurate portrait of Mrs. Martha E. Jordan, of Philadelphia, who stirred up a great social effluvia in Philadelphia a month ago by accusing a respectable citizen of the Quaker City of loving her too much. Notwithstanding the fact that the gentleman is at the head of the Masonic fraternity of Pennsylvania, is a man of wealth and social position with family ties of the most pleasant and honorable kind, she declared he was so much in love with her that he persecuted her and wrote her the vilest sort of letters because she would not consent to be his. We have thought, that after reading her story of the lengths to which a gentleman fascinated by her would go, our readers would like to see what sort of a woman it is who has such dangerous powers of fascination over the human male heart—hence the picture. But to tell the absolute truth, after all, we must say we cannot see where the beauty or the fascination lies. If her story is in the least degree true, then Philadelphia must number some rousing specimens of the species "chump" among its greybeards, that's all we have to say.



EDWARD HANLEY,

BLANCHE DOUGLASS' YOUNG MAN, ACCUSED OF TRYING TO BLACKMAIL WALTER MALLEY.

Walter Malley's Tormentors.

The wretched Jennie Cramer business seems never likely to fade out of the public mind. There seems a fatality in the recurrence of events that bring to remembrance when almost forgotten, the details of this sad affair. The expose of the relations of the fact that Walter Malley has been maintaining his relations with his ignorant flame, Blanche Douglass, ever since the release of the precious party from prison in New Haven, was a startling surprise. The theft of Walter's letters to Blanche and the attempt of her lover Hanley and



JOHN GOURAVAN,

THE FRIEND OF HANLEY, CHARGED WITH AIDING HIM IN HIS BLACKMAILING SCHEME.



CAUGHT BY A BLACKMAILER.

A BEAUTIFUL "CROOK" OF GOTHAM GOES INTO THE DARK ROOM OF A DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT TO EXAMINE SILK, AND RAISES A HULLABALLOO THAT BRINGS HER \$500 HUSH MONEY.

SPORTING NEWS.

CRIMES OF THE CRANKS.

Men and Women who have made instantly an excuse for Murder. By the author of "Gulliver's Crime," "The Assassin's Doom," "Secrets of the Tomb," "Great Crimes and Criminals of America," "Lives of the Poisoners," "Exposé of the World," "The Murderesses of America," etc., etc. By mail 30c.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
133 William Street, New York.

FRANK HOLMES, of Pawtucket, R. I., says he has given up rowing for good.

DANIEL O'LEARY is now in Paris, France, endeavoring to get up a pedestrian contest.

DICK PENNELL, the strong man, who is the only athlete who ever put up a 201lb dumb bell, is at Eaton, Ohio.

THE race for the great Safting plate at Sun-down, Eng., was won by Goldfield, the Prince second, Rookery third.

GEORGE LITTLEWOOD, of Sheffield, England, has issued a challenge to walk any man in the world a six-day race for £100 a side.

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THE three-mile single-scutt race at Mendenhall, Ohio, between Briceland and Welsgerber for an alleged stake of \$5,000 was won by the latter.

JOHN MCCORMICK of Chicago will give a 50-mile sweepstakes go-as-you-please walking match at Central Hall, Chicago, Dec. 2. \$25 entrance fee.

DOR COOPER, of Birmingham, who will accompany W. Sheriff, alias Prussian, to this country, was tendered a farewell benefit at Birmingham on October 17.

FRANK J. MCQUIGAN, of Cambridge, and John T. Crossley, of Canada, have been matched to run 124 yards for \$250 a side, at South Weymouth, November 18.

FROM Melbourne, Australia, Oct. 8, a dispatch informs us that in the PUNCH regatta on the Paramatta River Michael Rush defeated Laycock and Trickett in the order named.

JEM WARD, the ex-champion of the English prize ring, who has been paralyzed for some time is now an inmate of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, Old Kent road, London.

WHAT will the English sporting press say at the defeat of Rowell and Hizzard by Patrick Fitzgerald, the champion pedestrian of the world? We suppose that the usual excuses will be made.

GEORGE FULLJAMES, of Toronto, has arrived in the city and will remain until Frank White's benefit on Nov. 13 at the Madison Square Garden. On that occasion White and Fulljames will wind up.

ONE of the reasons that the six-day champion race was not as great a success as prior contests was that there was no championship trophy to contest for; and then the tariff \$1 was looked upon as too high a figure.

AT Montreal, Canada, Oct. 21, the lacrosse match for the championship of the world between the Shamrocks of Montreal and the Toronto club was decided. Two games were played and won by the Shamrocks.

AT New Haven, Conn., on Oct. 30, the Irish-American Rifle Club of New York shot the team match with the Irish rifle team of that city at Quin place range. The score was as follows: New Haven 311, New York 30.

YELLOW DOCK, who has a record of 2:20 1/2 in single harness, and Billy D., with a record of 2:14 1/2 with running mate, have been matched to trot with running mates at Narragansett Park, Providence, on Nov. 2, for \$1,000 a side.

IF Frank Hart intends to hold the POLICE GAZETTE diamond champion belt, which represents the six-day go-as-you-please championship of the world, he will be compelled to reply to the recent challenge issued in the POLICE GAZETTE.

RECENTLY the artillery school nine from Fortress Monroe visited Richmond, Va., and played the home team for the championship of Virginia. Both games resulted in easy victories for the home team by the respective scores of 1 to 1 and 8 to 2.

G. W. HAMILTON, of Fredonia, N. Y., who is the only man in the world that can boast of jumping 14 feet 5 1/2 inches spirit level in one single standing jump, offers to jump against any man in the world either standing or three standing jumps for \$1,000 a side.

AT Little Rock, Arkansas, Oct. 19, the boat race on the Arkansas river between the Kendall and Lovelady four-oared barge crews resulted in a victory for the Lovelady by a length, distance one mile and a half. Ben Meyers was coxswain of the Kendall crew and J. M. Hill of the Lovelady.

MR. H. L. SHEPPARD, a trainer and driver of trotters, from Bangor, Me., took the honors at the late meeting in Melbourne, Australia. Five inches of mud rendered the track very slippery. Nevertheless he won in three straight heats with Contractor, by Ajax, dam Lady Godley. Time, 2:48 1/2, 2:54, 2:55 1/2.

We have received a challenge from Charles Hadley, the colored champion pugilist of Bridgeport, Conn., who says he will fight Tom Sweeney of New Haven, Conn., for \$1,000 and that he will meet Sweeney at the POLICE GAZETTE office any day he may name to put up a forfeit and sign articles of agreement.

ON October 30, the heel-and-toe walking match between E. M. Craig and A. H. Libby, from Keene to Harrisville, Nelson to Stoddard, to Marlow, to Keene (forty-five miles), \$150 a side, was won by Craig with perfect ease in 7h. and 53m. Libby went all to pieces at Marlow, fifteen miles from the finish.

THE Erie Graphic says: "Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, is to offer an elegant gold medal to the best lady rifle shot in this city. John E. Graham will receive the medal this week and have it on exhibition. The reason this prize is offered to the Erie girls, it is said they have great love for powder. Bang!"

AT Oldham, England, on October 14, Sam Burtney, of Wigan, and John Tighe, of Pendlebury,

wrestled two in three back falls, Lancashire style, for £40, at 118lbs. Burtney threw Tighe in four minutes, injuring him, and the latter agreed to withdraw on receiving £3, which offer was accepted, and Burtney was declared the winner.

We hold letters for the following: Sam Collyer, Charlie Norton, Charles Rowell, Edward Hanlan, John Hughes, Gus Hill, Fred Rogers, Frank McGulgan, Wm. England, Captain Paul Boynton, R. Toner, C. McDonald, John Donaldson, Arthur Hancock, Harry Jennings, Frank Rose, George Arthur Campbell, Wm. Madden, Tom Allen, George Hazael.

It is very doubtful if any match will be arranged between Ed. McGlinchey and Charley Norton. The hitch in the arranging of the match is in regard to the weight the pugilists are to fight at. Norton refuses to fight at catch weights but wants to battle at 133lbs. McGlinchey's fighting weight is 140lbs. and it would be impossible for him to reduce himself any lower.

HOYLE and Acton of Pastime Park write that they have come to an agreement that Gormley and Dawson's tenth all United States 13yds foot hand-cup is to take place at Pastime Park on Thanksgiving Day instead of their own hand-cup and that all future handicaps will be given alternately. Entries already received for their handicap will be transferred to Gormley and Dawson's.

WM. SHERIFF, the "Prussian," Denny Harrington and Wm. Krutson, the 81-tonner, are coming to America. Sheriff will fight any man breathing on his arrival. Of course he will, providing he finds some foolish enough to back him. Tag Wilson gave parties ready to back pugilists a dose of medicine and we suppose his side partner is trying to catch some of the fish that Tag Wilson did not catch.

THE annual race for the one mile amateur bicycling championship of America, given by the League of American Wheelmen, took place at Beacon Park, Boston, Oct. 18. There were but three entries for the race, Lewis T. Frye of Boston, the champion, G. M. Hendee of Springfield and V. C. Place of Greenville, Pa. Hendee finished far ahead with great ease in 2m. 57 1/2s, Frye second and Place last.

AT Providence, R. I., Nov. 2, over 10,000 spectators assembled to witness the trotting match between J. D. Barnaby & Co.'s Billy D. and running mate and Morse's Yellow Dock and running mate for a purse of \$2,000 best three in five, at Narragansett Park. Yellow Dock had it all her own way, taking two heats in 2:16 1/2 and 2:18. Darkness caused a postponement of the finish until the next day.

W. J. PEALL, who is looked upon as the coming English billiard player, did some fine scoring in an exhibition game with G. Collins at Wood Green near London on the evening of Oct. 2. The game was 1,000 points up and Peall won by 701 points in the first time of 1h. 12m. The winner's best breaks were 196 (60 spots), 296 (62 spots) and 283 (21 and 67 spots). Collins' best break was 162, which included 52 spot strokes.

TOM ALLEN and Tompkins Gilbert return thanks to Patsey Sheppard, nine host of the Abbey, 16 Hayward Place, Boston, for kind attentions bestowed upon them during their sojourn in the Hub. By the way, Patsey Sheppard has made great improvements in his sporting house, which is now the rendezvous of sporting men of the Hub and the headquarters of John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist.

DONALD DINNIE, the heavy-weight champion athlete, offers to make a match to wrestle any man in America for one or two hours each man to contest half the time in his own style and the other half in his opponent's and the winner of the greatest number of falls during the time to claim the stakes. He will also make a match to lift from ground to stretch of arms above head a heavier dumb bell than any man in the world.

AT Eaton, Ohio, Oct. 28, George Theurer of Hamilton, O., and Theodore George of Chicago, Ill., wrestled a novel match. The conditions of the match were: that George was to throw Theurer nine times in ninety minutes, the stakes being \$50 a side and Theurer being granted the privilege of acting on the defensive entirely if he chose to do so. George won the first fall in 14 minutes, but Theurer won the stakes, as George failed to accomplish the task.

CONSIDERABLE interest is manifested in the coming checker match between James Wyllie of Scotland and Charles F. Barker of Boston. Upon James Wyllie's arrival in this country about a year ago a match was immediately talked of between this most celebrated player and America's champion, Charles F. Barker. Owing to Mr. Wyllie's engagements he was unable to make a match until recently, when articles were drawn and signed and \$100 were placed in the hands of A. J. Dunlap by each party and a match of fifty games, wins and draws to count, was made to be played at Boston.

AT Canton, Ohio, on Oct. 20, Ned Whelan and Wall Cunningham fought according to the rules of the London prize ring. The pugilists accompanied by seconds and referee and a number of devotees of the ring, assembled on Patton's Hill just west of the city limits and the battle began. Three hotly contested rounds were fought, Whelan biting the dust in each. When time was called for the fourth round the sport was interrupted by the arrival of a squad of policemen up the hill and the crowd rapidly dispersed. The battle ground was on the brow of the hill, so that several hundred spectators assembled half a mile away gained a good view of the fight.

AT the annual fall meeting of the Trinity College Athletic Association held at Hartford, Conn., Oct. 21, W. R. Sedgwick of Litchfield, Conn., threw a base ball 363ft 4in., beating the record. He also won the 100 yard dash in 11s., lowering the Trinity record. The 440 yard dash was won by J. R. Carter of Baltimore in 58s., lowering the Trinity record. The hop-skip and jump was won by F. E. Johnson of Hartford, making 37ft. 7in. Johnson won the standing jump, making 9ft. 11 1/2in. C. M. Kurtz of Reading, Pa., threw the hammer 62 1/2ft. Class of '85 won the tug of war over '86. H. R. Heydecker of New York was badly ruptured in the latter contest.

RECENTLY James Elliott issued a challenge offering to fight John L. Sullivan in a 24-foot ring according to the rules of the English prize ring for \$2,500 a side, of which he has a forfeit of \$1,000 at the POLICE GAZETTE office in New York. The fight to take place three months from date of signing articles, the winner to receive all excursion receipts. He also agreed to meet Sullivan in a five-round glove contest, Mar-

quis of Queensbury or any other rules, three weeks from date of signing articles, in any hall mutually agreed upon, the winner to take all gate receipts. Sullivan accepted the latter proposition and the pugilists will meet and have it out next month in Chicago.

JOHN McMAHON, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, and Captain James C. Daly met at the POLICE GAZETTE office recently to arrange a wrestling match for \$250 a side for the mixed wrestling champion hip and POLICE GAZETTE medal, value \$300. McMahon wanted to wrestle in Boston, while Daly insisted that the match should be decided in New York. After a long discussion no match was arranged. If Daly agrees that the contest shall take place at Boston, Mass., the match will be arranged. Daly holds the trophy and McMahon will have to wrestle if he desires to win the trophy. The rival champions are to meet again at the POLICE GAZETTE office, to arrange the match.

DONALD DINNIE will make either or all of the following matches, viz: 1st, that he will throw a hammer, the head to weigh 21lbs., over 100ft.; 2d, that he will throw a hammer, head to weigh 16lbs., over 120ft.; 3d, that he will throw a hammer, head to weigh 12lbs., over 140ft. All of these tests to be done on level ground, fair stand, Scotch style. Considering that the champion is how some 12 feet short of his records of ten or fifteen years ago this seems a favorable opportunity for disbelievers in great feats either seeing them done or winning by the result. A gentleman called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and deposited \$100 to bind a wager that Donald Dinnie cannot accomplish any of the above tests according to the rules of the New York Athletic Club or any recognized athletic association and he is prepared to back Duncan C. Ross against Dinnie.

AT McCormick's Hall, Chicago, Ill., on October 30, the John L. Sullivan combination appeared to a crowded house. The only acts of any particular interest were the appearance of Bob Farrell and Pete McCoy in a four-round exhibition sparring act, the "knocking out" of a Charles O'Donnell by Sullivan, and a subsequent sparring exhibition between Sullivan and McCoy. All the performances were nearly over John L. Sullivan appeared on the stage and made the usual announcement that he would spar any man in the city four rounds. Charley O'Donnell, of Cleveland, Ohio, a short but muscular athlete, was willing to be "knocked out," and agreed to face Sullivan. The usual formalities were gone through with, when the champion proceeded to knock him down a half dozen times or as often as he got on his feet, and he was finally settled and removed for repairs.

THE following sporting men called at the POLICE GAZETTE office during the week ending Nov. 4: James Pilkington, Capt. J. C. Daly, Joseph White, John McMahon, (Ill. Ill); Geo. Fulljames; Los Curtis; John Styles; The. Allen, Col. E. and, Boston Globe; Col. Roberts; Joe Acton; Arthur Chambers; H. F. Jacoby; Tom McAlpine; Joe Fowler; Frank Wilson; Funnay Cooke; Duncan C. Ross; Frank Stevenson; Mike Keenan; Sam. A. Miles; P. Moore; Altoona, W. Ritz; Luke Walsh; Wm. Johnston; Mr. Gibbs; Donald Dinnie; Dan. J. Herty; pedestrian; John Hughes; J. E. Sullivan; Wm. Hussey; Harry Herber; Bob Smith; Geo. Taylor; Geo. Rooke; Prof. Wm. Clark; Prof. Lafflin; Jim Coyne; Frank Hart; pedestrian; Tom Allen, champion pugilist; Tompkins Gilbert; English pugilist; Hiram Howe; trainer and driver of "Police Gazette" Norman Taylor; Geo. Taylor; pugilist.

IN New England there are several wrestlers who claim to be light-weight champions. Nat Hutchins of Marlboro, Mass., in a challenge to W. W. Montgomery styles himself the light-weight champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of America although Michael Donahue defeated him in a contest for that title. We would like to know how Hutchins won the light-weight collar-and-elbow championship and by what right he claims the title. There is only one light-weight champion in America and his name is Michael Donahue. He holds the POLICE GAZETTE medal which he won against all comers in a contest for that title and further he has had \$50 lying at the POLICE GAZETTE office for over eight weeks, with a challenge to wrestle Taylor, Montgomery, Hutchins, or any man in America for \$250 to \$1,000 a side and the light-weight championship at 140lbs. If Hutchins or Montgomery are the champions why don't they cover Donahue's money now held by Richard K. Fox?

IN reply to the challenge of Michael Donahue, the light-weight champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, recently issued in the POLICE GAZETTE and backed up with \$50, we have received the following: FISHERVILLE, N. H., Nov. 7, 1882.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.: DEAR SIR: Having seen in last week's POLICE GAZETTE that Donahue offers to wrestle John H. Taylor either in New York or Boston and give or take \$50 for expenses, I, James Kelly, have deposited \$50 at your office and am willing to put up \$250 more with the \$50 forfeit to make \$300 against Donahue's \$250 if he will wrestle in Concord, N. H., and will meet him in any city in New Hampshire to put up the rest of the money, sign articles and make arrangements for the match. The said match to be in accordance with the James' rules, for Taylor never wrestles under any other rules and says that they are good enough for him. If Donahue wants to wrestle now is his time.

JAMES KELLY. HENRY HIGGINS, the pugilist, who, it is claimed, John L. Sullivan knocked out of time in four rounds at Buffalo, N. Y., writes as follows: BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: I send you a few lines, knowing that the POLICE GAZETTE is a fair and impartial sporting journal. In a recent issue you published a statement that John L. Sullivan put me to sleep in one round for twenty minutes. This I wish to contradict, as I stood up for the slugger, if time had been called properly, fully four rounds, and so far from being put to sleep he was as much asleep as I was and he acted like anything but a gentleman on the stage with me. If I chose to set myself up as a pugilist I think I could down the bully but my business is worth more to me than fighting. I would not have thought of writing this only the bully bragged of putting me to sleep. So you will oblige me by publishing this in your next issue to let the public know that I am not so easy downed.

HENRY HIGGINS, Buffalo, N. Y. AT San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 23, the great collar-and-elbow wrestling match, POLICE GAZETTE rules, for \$500 and the championship of the Pacific Coast, was decided at the old Turn Verein Hall. The principals were Homer Lane, of San Francisco, Cal., formerly of New York, the ex-champion, and J.

McMillan, of Bodie, Cal. The match was recently arranged at Patsy Hogan's noted sporting rendezvous in Morton street, when McMillan, for himself and Patsy Hogan, on behalf of Homer Lane, each deposited \$350 a side in the hands of Major J. Harrigan, editor and publisher of the Pacific Life. The match created a stir and Lane was a heavy favorite. McMillan stands 6ft. 2in., weighs 212lbs. Lane stands 5ft. 9in., weighs 165lbs. The contest was a lively one and resulted in the defeat of Lane after he had won the first fall. In the second bout McMillan's strength won the fall; but it was fifteen minutes before Lane was placed on his back. In the final bout Lane became tired and McMillan threw him on his shoulder. Lane's strength gave out and he broke his "hold" and McMillan was declared the winner. Patsy Hogan lost heavily and McMillan captured all the gate money and \$500.

THE single-scutt race between James H. Riley, of Saratoga, and James Ten Eyck, of Peekskill, N. Y., for \$500, for which Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, was final stakeholder, was rowed on October 30, over the well known Laureate course on the Hudson, from Troy to Lansingburg, three miles with a turn, for a stake of \$250 a side. There was just breeze enough to ripple the water and the weather was all that could be desired. About five thousand people witnessed the race and there was no lack of enthusiasm. Riley was dressed in light blue and Ten Eyck wore white. Mr. Charles S. Francis, of Troy, officiated as referee and timekeeper; Frank Ten Eyck acted as judge for his brother and Dr. Grant, of Saratoga, as judge for Riley. Riley having won the race chose the outside position. He sold as favorite at \$100 to 60. The start was made at ten minutes of five from opposite the Laureate Boat Club house. Ten Eyck pulled away before the signal was given and gained about a length on Riley; but the latter overhauled Ten Eyck within a quarter of a mile. At the end of the mile Riley was three boat lengths ahead and pulling a 32 stroke; Ten Eyck was pulling 30. Riley dropped to 32 at the turn, but Ten Eyck still maintained his 30 to the finish. Ten Eyck cut down Riley's lead on reaching the turning buoy, as he turned very quickly and neatly. Riley rounded the 10m. 10s., and Ten Eyck turned in 10m. 28s. from the start. Coming home Riley pulled vigorously and soon left Ten Eyck five lengths in the rear. This advantage he maintained to within two hundred yards of the finish, when Ten Eyck reduced his lead to four lengths. Riley's time was 21m. 5s.

THE following will be a bombshell among the feather-weight division of the pugilist brigade and will no doubt create a furore in prize ring circles. Arthur Chambers of the Champions' Rest of Philadelphia called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Oct. 31, posted \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox and left the following challenge: NEW YORK, Oct. 31, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: SIR: Having heard so much talk about the many pugilists claiming the feather-weight championship of America, I wish with my money to prove that none of them will fight. I have an unknown that I will match to fight any of the many feather-weights at 112lbs. to 114lbs., either with or without gloves, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for the sum of \$250 or \$1,000 a side and the feather-weight championship of the world. The fight to take place within 100 miles of New Orleans, La.; if it is agreed to fight with bare knuckles, or if it is decided to fight with hard gloves within 100 miles of New York city. The fight to take place in eight weeks from signing articles. To prove I mean match making as usual, I have posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, and will be ready to meet any of the pugilists who claim to be feather-weight champions to sign articles of agreement. ARTHUR CHAMBERS.

Champion's Rest, 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia. We have received \$100 from Arthur Chambers to back up his challenge and if Frank White, the feather-weight champion, Charley McCoy of Philadelphia, and the balance of the feather-weight division are eager to fight they will have no trouble in arranging a match.

THE funeral services of William H. Borst were held at St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, Stuyvesant Square, on Thursday, Nov. 2. Mr. Borst was a very popular man in sporting circles, and all the big guns of the sporting fraternity turned out en masse to bid the last farewell to one who had been a dear friend and great favorite of all whom he came in contact with. Such a congregation as gathered in St. George's sacred edifice was probably never seen in any place of worship before. The New York Times, Nov. 3, says in regard to the funeral: "Among the men well known in sporting circles who sat with heads reverently bowed in the church were Andrew Sheehan, the politician; Edward F. Mallahan, the partner of Mr. Borst in the management of the Alhambra Theatre; Jake Somerindyke, an old and well-known turf gambler; James Irving, a former partner of Mr. Borst; Joseph Crocheron, the proprietor of the Brower House; Alexander Spence, Bill Tovey, the veteran sporting man; C. C. Duff, a former partner of Mr. Borst in the stable business; John E. Simmons, the lottery man; Michael Boyle, the oysterman; Michael Coburn, brother of Joe Coburn, the pugilist; Matthew H. Moore, Howard James, Jack Halleck, Augustus Abel, Matthew Marshall, Joe Jewell, Charles A. Burke, Thomas M. Lynch, J. C. Clayton, Billy Tracy, Henry Rice, Pop Whitaker, Augustus Heckler, Russel Glover and Wm. Glover, Larry O'Brien, Billy Edwards, John Murphy, Billy Henry, of San Francisco; George Rooke, the pugilist; Charles E. Darling and James Wakeley, Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE; Jake Rooke, James Patterson, John Stack, Hen Rice, Barney Goodwin, Barney Aaron, Wm. E. Harding, Lawrence Mallahan, Owey Geoghegan, John Styles, John McMahon and a host of others. The body was brought to the church at 1:30 P. M., and met at the door by the Rev. Hugh Maguire, the rector of the church. It was inclosed in a plain rosewood coffin, with solid silver handles. The floral offerings of the friends of the deceased man were numerous and costly. A tall broken column of white immortelles, surmounted by a dove, the tribute of Richard K. Fox, stood upon the baptismal font at the head of the coffin. Wreaths of beautiful flowers lay upon the coffin and a floral lyre was deposited at its foot. The Rev. Mr. Maguire read the service, and during the reading every sporting man present stood reverently with bowed head. The anthem, 'I Heard a Voice from Heaven,' and the hymns, 'Asleep in Jesus' and 'Nearer my God to Thee,' were sung by the quartet of the church choir, and at the conclusion of the services the friends of Mr. Borst were allowed to take a last look at his face. The body was taken to Greenwood, where the interment took place.

TOM ALLEN, ex-champion pugilist of America, with his backer, Richard K. Fox, and Tompkins Gilbert, English heavy-weight pugilist, who fought Allen in England, arrived in this city November 2, from Boston. Allen came to New York to arrange a prize fight with John L. Sullivan or any man in the world for \$1,000, \$2,500 or \$5,000 and the championship. Richard K. Fox informed him that he had posted \$1,000 with Harry Hill, and was ready to back him to fight Sullivan, Elliott, Rooke or any of the heavy-weight pugilists. Allen says he is ready to fight, and that what he came to this country for, and left with Mr. Fox the following written statement of his intentions:

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

Sir: Having returned to this country at the request of Richard K. Fox after six years' sojourn in England, where I maintained a standing challenge to fight any man in Great Britain, I find that during my absence there have been three battles fought for the heavy-weight championship, which title I held until I was cheated out of my rights in the fight with Joe Goss in 1876. I find Johnny Dwyer is dead, Paddy Ryan has retired and Joe Goss is on the shelf, and that James Elliott and George Rooke lay claim to the honors, and last, but not least, John L. Sullivan holds the title of champion. I am ready to fight Sullivan, Elliott, or any man in America, and Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, has agreed to back me. Therefore, please publish the following challenge in your valuable journal:

I will fight J. L. Sullivan or any man in the world according to the rules of the London P. R. at catch-weights for \$1,000, \$2,500 or \$5,000 a side and the championship of the world. Richard K. Fox, my backer, has posted \$1,000 to back up this challenge. I will be ready to meet Sullivan or any pugilist at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange a match on November 16, the fight to take place in three months within 100 miles of New Orleans, and Harry Hill to be final stakeholder. Now if Sullivan or any other pugilist is anxious to be the champion he will have to cover the \$1,000 Mr. Fox has posted. My backer means business and I mean fighting. Hoping that this great man Sullivan will back up his claim to a title I have fought for and won many times in this country, I am, yours,

TOM ALLEN.

A LARGE crowd of sporting men assembled at the POLICE GAZETTE office recently to witness Joe Acton, the English champion, and Clarence Whistler, the American champion wrestler, sign articles to wrestle catch-as-catch-can for \$1,000 a side and the championship of the world. Acton and Arthur Chambers were present in person while James Pilkington, the noted oarsman, represented Whistler. Each posted a forfeit with Richard K. Fox and signed the following agreement:

Articles of Agreement entered into this 30th day of October, A. D. 1882, between Joseph Acton and Clarence Whistler to wrestle catch-as-catch-can for the sum of \$1,000 a side. We, the said Joseph Acton of Philadelphia and Clarence Whistler of Kansas City, hereby agree to wrestle the best of three back falls catch-as-catch-can style, in New York, Clarence Whistler to give one hundred dollars (\$100) to said Joseph Acton for expenses, to take place on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1882. The money to be deposited in the hands of the temporary stakeholder, Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE. The first deposit of \$100 a side is now in the hands of the stakeholder and the other deposits as follows: 2d deposit of \$100 a side to be put up not later than the 31st day of October, A. D. 1882, and the final deposit to be made Dec. 11, 1882. The men to be in the ring at 8 P. M.; the men to meet at the POLICE GAZETTE office to agree upon a final stakeholder, Dec. 11, 1882, when the final deposit of \$100 a side is made, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock P. M. Referee to be chosen on the night of the match. In the event of any question arising which may not be provided for in these articles, the referee to have full power and authority to decide such question, his decision to be final and conclusive. The stakeholder shall in any and every case be exonerated from all responsibility upon obeying the direction of the referee. Either party failing to comply with any or all of these articles or breaking the rules attached to forfeit all moneys down. Whistler or his representative to pay over to Richard K. Fox the hundred dollars due Joseph Acton when putting up the final deposit.

Witnesses: JOSEPH ACTON.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS, CLARENCE WHISTLER.
HENRY F. JACOBY.

TUG WILSON, when he landed in Liverpool, Eng., from New York, was greeted by the sporting men at Leicester as a hero because he had managed successfully by trick and device to stand up before John L. Sullivan, the American champion pugilist, four three minute rounds. But as soon as it was known that Tug had refused to go back to America and fight James Elliott after he had allowed Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, to put up \$500 and arrange the match, he at once lost caste.

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SPORTING RESORTS.

The Old House at Home, 105 Bowery, New York. O'Neary, George, Director and Proprietor. The largest Sporting Picture Gallery in the World. Boxing, Wrestling and Singing every night. Extraordinary announcement—arrival of the champion pugilists, Frank Wilson, the "Mouse" of Birmingham, England, and Joe Fowler, the feather-weight champion of England, who have been brought from England by O'Neary George, specially engaged, and will appear every night in full ring costume in boxing matches. Wilson is the hero of twenty-one prize battles, winning eighteen and only losing three. His last fight was with the celebrated Peter Morris, in which he had much the best of it when the ring was broken in by the friends of Morris. Joe Fowler fought the longest fight on record.

Hoyle & Acton's Great All United States 135 yard Foot Handicap, for \$250, will be run at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, Pa. on Thanksgiving Day. First prize \$250, second prize \$55, third prize \$10, fourth prize \$5. Entrance fee, \$1. Acceptances, \$1. Entries received at Arthur Chambers', 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, and at Pastime Park, Philadelphia. James Styles, Somerville, Germantown. Sheffield rules to govern. Arthur Chambers, pistol frer. Wash Booth, referee and handicapper.

The Old Reliable Retreat and the oldest established in America. Wm. F. McCoy and La Brie, importers of wines and cigars and dealers in Kentucky Bourbon whiskey, 91 and 93 South street, opposite Fulton Ferry, N. Y. Established 1817. Retail and wholesale department. Families supplied with the best brands and all liquors, wines and cigars guaranteed.

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Clark's Olympic Garden, Corner of Eighth and Vine streets, Philadelphia, Pa. The best sporting and variety resort in Philadelphia. Boxing and wrestling by champions every night. The champion female boxers and other attractions; best wines and liquors. JOHN H. CLARK, proprietor.

A New Bowery Sporting House.—The Sportsman's Home, 270 Bowery, Matt Grace, proprietor. Every accommodation and the best of wines, liquors and cigars. It is the principal rendezvous of all sporting men kept by Matt Grace, the well-known wrestler and sporting man.

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each 10,000		
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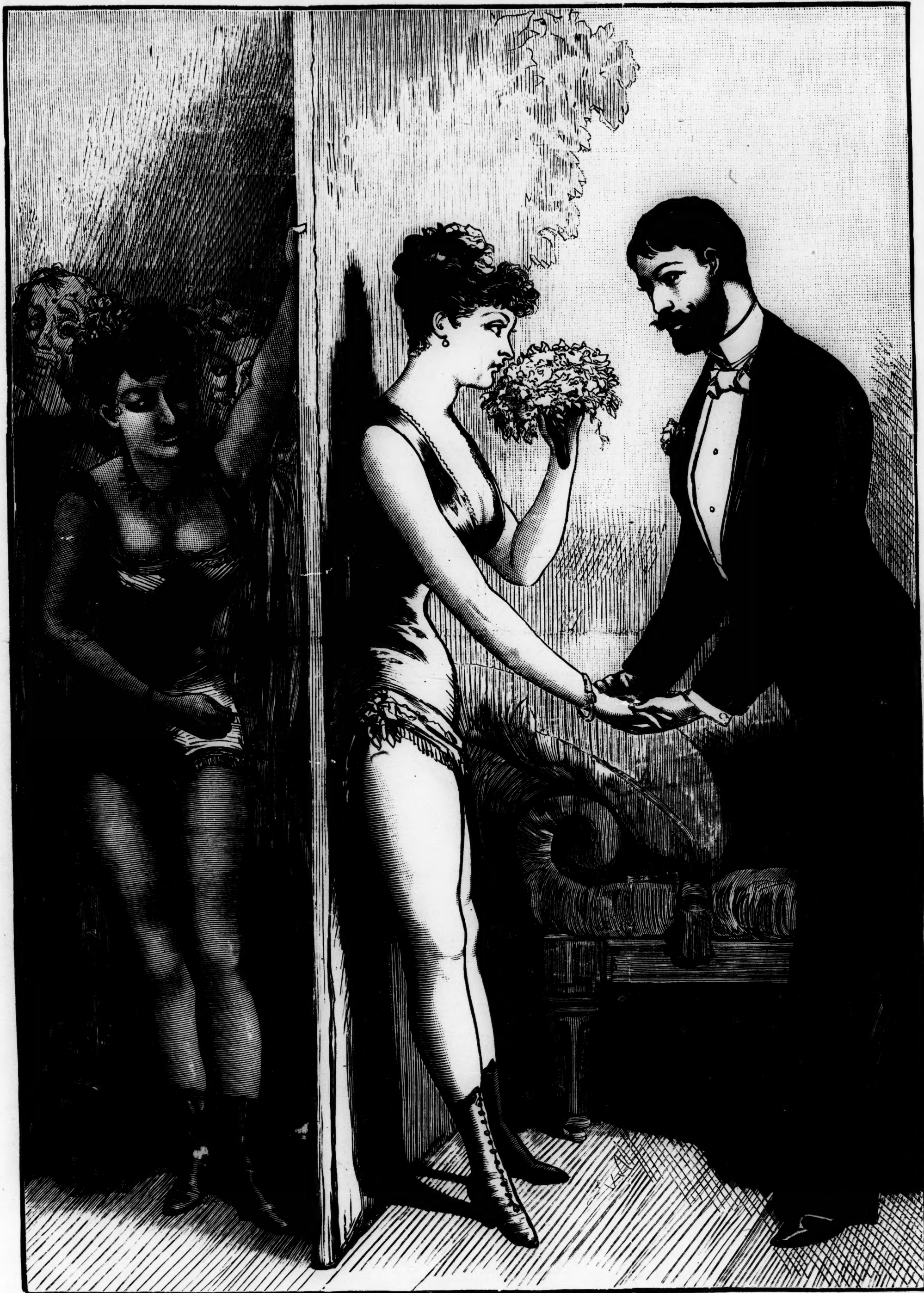
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